Thomas Dobbin

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the SECOND.

Tam^d. CONTAINING, Maxwe

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DUBLIN:

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MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard-Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on* Hero.

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Meſſina* in *Sicily.*

[1]MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Court before* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a Meſſenger.*

Leon. I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro* hath beſtowed much honour on a young *Florentine,* call'd *Claudio.*

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro:* he hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that [2] joy could

1 The Story from *Arioſto, Orl. Fur.* l. 5. Mr. *Pope.*

2 *joy could not ſhew itſelf* modeſt *enough, without a* badge *of bitterneſs.*]

could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, [3] is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; [4] there was none such in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Niece?

Hero. My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. "I pray you, how many hath he kill'd "and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he "kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his kill-"ing."

Leon. Faith, Niece, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. "You had musty victuals, and he hath holp "to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath "an excellent stomach."

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

ness.] This is judiciously express'd. Of all the transports of Joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain.

3 *is Signior* Montanto *return'd*] Montánte, in *Spanish*, is a *huge two-handed sword*, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a Boaster or Bravado.

4 *there was none such in the army of any Sort.*] Not meaning there was none such of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none such of *any quality above the common*.

Mess.

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: he is no leſs than a ſtufft man: but for the ſtuffing,——well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my Niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have * wit enough to keep himſelf from harm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Mess. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; [5] he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. "No; an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. "But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no "young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with "him to the devil?

Mess. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if

* *wit enough to keep himſelf* WARM,] But how would that make a *difference between him and his horſe?* We ſhould read, *Wit enough to keep himſelf* FROM HARM. This ſuits the ſatirical turn of her ſpeech, in the character ſhe would give of *Benedick*: and this would make the difference ſpoken of. For 'tis the nature of horſes, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon.

5 *he wears his* faith] Not religious Profeſſion, but *Profeſſion of friendſhip*; for the ſpeaker gives it as the reaſon of her aſking, *who was now his Companion?* that *he had every month a new ſworn brother.*

he have caught the *Benedick*; it will coſt him a thouſand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Niece.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot-*January*.

Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you aſkt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.———

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; We may gueſs by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers herſelf; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Diſdain!* are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick?* Courteſie itſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſie a turn-coat; but it is certain,

I am

I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your Humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. "Scratching could not make it worſe, an "'twere ſuch a face as yours were."

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: *Leonato,*—Signior *Claudio,* and Signior *Benedick,*——my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn——Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, "that were she other than she is, she were "unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do "not like her."

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into; but speak you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her Cousin, if she were not possest with such a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of *May* doth the last of *December:* but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my self, tho' I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and [7] sigh away *Sundays:* look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

[7] *sigh away Sundays:*] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when *Sunday*, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s houſe?

Bene. I would, your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:——he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how ſhort his anſwer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, [8] but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in

8 *but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a Heretick in the Schools.

my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the Right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. "With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, "my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more "blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, "and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for "the Sign of blind *Cupid*."

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd 9 *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire*, let them signifie under my Sign, *Here you may see* Benedick *the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, 1 if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene.

9 *Adam Bell*, at that time famous for Archery. Mr. *Theobald.*

1 *if* Cupid *hath not spent all his quiver in* Venice,] All modern Writers agree in representing *Venice* in the same light, that the Ancients did *Cyprus*. And 'tis this Character of the People that is here alluded to. The Sieur de *St. Disdier* speaking of their *Courtisanes* says, *Je suis certain que rien ne peut egaler ce qui se voit à Venice, tant pour la multitude, que pour la pleine liberté——Il y a deux cent cinquante quatre ans que Venice se trouvant sans Courtisanes, la Republique fut obligée d'en faire venir un grand nombre d' Estrangeres.* La Doglioni *loüe extremement en cela la sagesse de la Rep. laquelle, par ce moyen sceut pourvoir à la seureté des femmes d'honneur, ausquelles on faisoit tous les jours des* violences publiques; *puisque les lieux les plus saints n' estoient point un asile assuré. C'est pourquoy comme la Rep. croit que l'air salé qu'on respire dans ce climat rend le disordre habituel & sans*

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato*'s, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you ———

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my houſe, if I had it, ———

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;

& ſans remede, elle jugea, &c. Mr. *Bayle*, ſpeaking of the diſſolute manners of the *Venetian* Eccleſiaſticks, ſays, *Je me ſouviens d'avoir demandé un jour à un Homme, qui me contoit mille & mille Dereglemens des Eccleſiaſtiques de Venice, comment il ſe pouvoit faire que le Senat ſouffroit.—On me fit reponſe que le bien public obligeoit le Souverain à uſer de cette Indulgence: & pour m'expliquer cette Enigme, on ajouta que le Senat etoit bien aiſe que le Peuple eut le dernier mepris pour les Prêtres; car des lors ils ſont moins capables de le faire ſoulever.* Thus, when natural temperament, the Policy of the Republic, and the Example of Churchmen, all concur to foment this diſorder, it is no wonder it ſhould riſe higher here than in any other place.

But

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate Deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her, and with her Father,
And Thou ſhalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
[2] The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſie about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard,

2 *The faireſt* grant *is the neceſſity*;] i. e. no one can have a better reaſon for granting a requeſt than the neceſſity of its being granted.

were

were thus over-heard by a man of mine; The Prince discover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepar'd for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Several cross the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill; good Cousin, have a care this busie time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. WHAT the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what Blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en

you

you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and infranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking; in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food

to

to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind!——shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Hall in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Leon. WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face——

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, Niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short horns; but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening:

evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell. [3]

Ant. Well, Niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make Curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases you*; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases me.*

Leon. Well, Niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, Uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s sons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the Answer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a measure, and

3 *Well then*, &c.—] All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom is the players, and foisted in without rhyme or reason.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell, ——

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, "get "you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for "you maids." So deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

a cinque-

a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in Masquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk with your Friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is *Philemon*'s roof; within the house is *(a) Jove.*

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, Clerk.

(a) Jove, Mr. *Theobald.* — Vulg. *Love.*

Balth.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man; here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of *The Hundred merry Tales*; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only [4] his gift is in deviſing impaſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in [5] his villany; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

4 —— *his gift is in deviſing IMPOSSIBLE ſlanders:*] We ſhould read IMPASSIBLE, *i. e.* ſlanders ſo ill invented that they will paſs upon no body.

5 —— *his villany*;] by which, ſhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them.

Beat.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders.

[*Muſick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bor.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the Ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe (*a*) your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,

(*a*) ——*your own tongues!* *Oxf.* Edit. — Vulg. *their own tongues.*

Againſt

Againſt whoſe charms [6] faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Claud. I wiſh him Joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell Bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the Poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into ſedges. But, that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be, I go under that Title, becauſe I am merry; yea, but ſo I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice,* that puts the World into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady

6 —— *faith melteth into blood.*] *i. e.* Theſe intemperate deſires make men treacherous; but the expreſſion alludes to the old opinion of ſuperſtition concerning witches; that they turned wholeſome liquors into blood by their charms.

Fame.

Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a Willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a School-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it to his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. "O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a "block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would "have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, "and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had "been my ſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I "was duller than a great thaw; hudling jeſt upon jeſt, "with [7] ſuch impaſſable conveyance upon me, that I "ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhoot-"ing at me; ſhe ſpeaks Ponyards, and every word ſtabs; "if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there "were no living near her, [8] ſhe would infect to the "North-Star;" I would not marry her, though ſhe

7 *ſuch IMPOSSIBLE conveyance*] We ſhould read IMPASSABLE. A term taken from fencing, when the ſtrokes are ſo ſwift and repeated as not to be parried or paſſed off.

8 ——*ſhe would infect to the North-Star;*] i. e. There is nothing of ſo pure and keen a brightneſs, that her calumnious tongue would not ſully.

were

were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgres's'd; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her [9] the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prester John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*;

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

9 *the infernal* Até *in good apparel*] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in raggs.

Claud.

Claud. Not ſad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.———

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away my ſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care; my couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a Brother like you? your Father got excellent Huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: but I beſeech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt

beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat No, ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born. Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; ſhe is never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, [1] ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one

1 *ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs,*] So all the editions; but Mr. *Theobald*'s alters it to, *an happineſs*, having no conception that *unhappineſs* meant any thing but misfortune, and that he thinks ſhe could not laugh at. He had never heard that it ſignified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*.

——*My* dreams *are like my thoughts honeſt and innocent*:
Yours are unhappy,

of

of *Hercules*'s labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And, I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despight of his quick wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Apartment in Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. IT is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero.*

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of That lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof ſhall I make of That?

Bor. Proof enough to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,) that you have diſcover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of *Hero*'s diſloyalty, that jealouſie ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Leonato's *Orchard.*

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy.*

Bene. BOY,———

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again.——I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio.* I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; [2] "wise, "or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: "fair, or I'll never look on her;" mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, [3] and her hair shall be

2 These words added out of the editions of 1623. *Mr. Pope.*

3 *and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.*] i. e. She shall not discolour it; hinting at the fashion of discolouring their hair, by art, when it was not of the colour in esteem.

of what colour it pleaſe God. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the muſick ended,
We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee, ſing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd! is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:

4. *We'll fit the kid-fox*--] This is a new ſpecies of animals of the Editor's creation. We ſhould read the *hid fox*, i. e. the fox who had hid himſelf.

Then

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leafy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. "If he had been a dog, that should have "howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I "pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, *Balthazar?* I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do so: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O, ay; ——stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; [5] but that she loves him with an inraged affection,—it is past the definite of thought.——

5 *but that she loves him with an inraged affection, it is past the* INFINITE *of thought.*] It is impossible to make Sense and Grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two beginnings of two different

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn, it had, my lord; especially against *Benedick.*

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up.

[*Aside.*

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick?*

Leon. No, and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says:

different sentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that she loves him with an inraged affection,*—is only part of a sentence which should conclude thus,—*is most certain.* But a new idea striking the speaker, he leaves this sentence unfinished, and turns to another,—*It is past the infinite of thought*—which is likewise left unfinished; for it should conclude thus—*to say how great that affection is.* These broken disjointed sentences are usual in conversation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the sense, and that is INFINITE. Human thought cannot sure be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was DEFINITE. This makes the passage intelligible. *It is past the* DEFINITE *of thought*—i. e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. *Shakespear* uses the word again in the same sense in *Cymbeline.*

For Idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely DEFINITE.—i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case.

shall

ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, ——— when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Claud. That ———

Leon. [6] O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that, ſhe knew, wou'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own Spirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter ſays ſo; and the ecſtaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid, ſhe will do deſperate outrage to her ſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an Alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick.*

6 *O, ſhe tore the Letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thouſand pieces of the ſame bigneſs. This is farther explain'd by a Paſſage in *As you like it*;

——— *There were none principal; they were all like one another as* half-pence *are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old Silver Penny which had a Creaſe running *Croſs-wiſe* over it, ſo that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings. Mr. *Theobald.*

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other reſpects, and made her half my ſelf; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks, ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I aſſure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, "for the man doth fear "God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large "jeſts he will make." Well, I am ſorry for your Niece: ſhall we go ſeek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and

and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry; the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us send her to call him to dinner. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. "This can be no trick, the conference was "sadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; "they seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections "have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be re- "quited: I hear, how I am censur'd; they say, I "will bear my self proudly, if I perceive the love come "from her; they say too, that she will rather die than "give any sign of affection.——I did never think to "marry——I must not seem proud——happy are they "that hear their detractions, and can put them to mend- "ing: they say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can "bear them witness: and virtuous;——'tis so, I can- "not reprove it: and wise, but for loving me——by "my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great "argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love "with her.——I may chance to have some odd quirks "and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have "rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the ap- "petite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that "he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and sen- "tences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man "from the career of his humour? no: the world must "be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, "I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. "Here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, she's a fair lady; "I do spy some marks of love in her."

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:* —— there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me;* —— that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her Picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached Bower,
' Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
' Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
' Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
' Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our Purpoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero.

Hero. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our Talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My Talk to thee muſt be, how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.

Urſu. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.——
No, truly, *Urſula*, ſhe's too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As [1] haggerds of the rock.

Urſu. But are you ſure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?

Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urſu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Urſu. Why did you ſo? doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,

1 Wild hawks, Mr. *Pope*.

Miſ-

Miſ-prizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.

Urſu. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward; 'if fair-fac'd,
'She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
'[2] If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
'Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
'[3] If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
'If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
'If ſilent, why a block moved with none.'
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue That,
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.

2. *If* black, *why, Nature, drawing of an* antick,
Made a foul blot;—] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old *Engliſh* farces, with a *blacked face* and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhews that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by *Apuleius, mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti*.

3 *If low, an* Agat *very vilely cut*;] But why an *agat*, if low? For what likeneſs between a *little man* and an *agat*? The ancients, indeed, uſed this ſtone to cut upon; but very exquiſitely. I make no queſtion but the poet wrote;

——— *an* Aglet *very vilely cut*;

An *aglet* was the tagg of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe taggs were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. The *French* call them *aiguillettes*. *Mazeray*, ſpeaking of *Henry* IIId's ſorrow for the death of the princeſs of *Conti*, ſays,—*portant meme ſur ſes* aiguillettes *de petites tetes de Mort*. And as a *tall* man is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut*.

But

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my Cousin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Ursu. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to morrow; come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps. [*Exe.*

Beatrice, *advancing.*

Beat. [4] What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And

4 *What fire is in my ears?*——] Alluding to a proverbial saying

And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, thy kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I DO but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward *Arragon.*

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſoale of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

ing of the common People, that their ears burn when others are talking of them.

Claud.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. "There is no appearance of fancy in him, "unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, "as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; "5 or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* "from the waste downward, all slops; and a *Spaniard* "from the hip upward, no doublet:" Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops ———

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine

5 Edit. 1600. Mr, *Pope.*

wise

wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifest; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal?

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even she; *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you shall see her chamber-

chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then to morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it. ——

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to night why I should not marry her to morrow; in the Congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* *Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*: God hath blest you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man

man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable ——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is [6] more need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* "We will rather sleep than talk; we "know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. "Why, you speak like an ancient and most "quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should "offend; only have a care that your Bills be not stolen: "well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid "them that are drunk get them to bed."

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

6 *no need of such vanity:*] *Dogberry* is only absurd, not absolutely out of his senses. We should read therefore, MORE *need.*

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato*'s door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What? *Conrade* ——

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay.

Conr. Here, Man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some Treaſon, Maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any Villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible [7] any villain ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews, [8] thou art unconfirm'd; thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool; but ſee'ſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

7 *any* VILLANY *ſhould be ſo rich?*] The ſenſe abſolutely requires us, to read VILLAIN.

8 *thou art unconfirm'd;*] i. e. unpractiſed in the ways of the World.

Bora.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes, faſhioning them like *Pharao*'s ſoldiers in the reachy Painting; ſometimes, like the God *Bel*'s prieſts in the old church-window; [9] ſometimes, like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmirch worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſie as his club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero*'s Gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night —I tell this tale vildly—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my maſter knew, ſhe was *Margaret*; and

9 *ſometimes, like the ſhaven* Hercules, *&c.*] By the *ſhaven* Hercules is meant *Samſon*, the uſual ſubject of old tapeſtry. In this ridicule on the faſhion, the poet has not unartfully given a ſtroke at the barbarous workmanſhip of the common Tapeſtry hangings, then ſo much in uſe. The ſame kind of raillery *Cervantes* has employed on the like occaſion, when he brings his knight and ſquire to an inn, where they found the ſtory of *Dido* and *Æneas* repreſented in bad tapeſtry. On *Sanco*'s ſeeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forſaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their atchievements became the general ſubject for theſe ſort of works, that fortune will ſend them a better artiſt.——What authoriſed the poet to give this name to *Samſon*, was the folly of certain chriſtian mythologiſts, who pretend that the grecian *Hercules* was the jewiſh *Samſon*. The retenue of our author is to be commended: The ſober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on ſo light an occaſion. *Shakeſpear* is indeed ſometimes licentious in theſe matters: But to do him juſtice, he generally ſeems to have a ſenſe of religion, and to be under its influence. What *Pedro* ſays of *Benedick*, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him. *The man doth fear God, however it ſeems not to be in him by ſome large jeſts he will make.*

partly

partly by his oaths, which first possest them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; swore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable; we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters,——

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,——

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Hero's *Apartment in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Ursula.

Hero. GOOD *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan*'s gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves and ſkirts, round underborne with a blueiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Huſband? none, I think, if it be the right Huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; aſk my lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not [1] turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtufft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtufft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man; he ſwore, he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

1 *turn'd Turk*,] i. e. taken captive by Love, and turn'd a Renegado to his religion.

Beat.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Urſu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the galants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. WHAT would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg. "Yes, I thank God, [2] I am as honeſt as any "man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter "than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are

2 *I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good ſenſe under the cover of this blundering expreſſion. It is a ſly inſinuation that length of years, and the being much *hackn'ied in the ways of men*, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it, take off the gloſs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For as a great wit ſays, *Youth is the ſeaſon of Virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt Rogue in* England *is the greateſt.*

the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina*.

Dogb. "A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, "as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God "help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid, i'faith, "neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two "men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind; an honeſt "ſoul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke "bread, but God is to be worſhipp'd; all men are "not alike, alas, good neighbour!"

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One Word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auſpicious perſons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. "We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's

"That

"That shall drive some of them to a noncome." Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

Leon. COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady;

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour;
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.
Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——
Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it;[1]
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?

1 —— *I will* write *againſt it*;] What? a libel? nonſenſe. We ſhould read, *I will* RATE *againſt it*, i. e. rail or revile.

Pedro.

Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero her self can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry, you must hear; upon mine Honour,
My self, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, [2] like an illiberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

2 *most like a* LIBERAL *villain,*] We should read, *like an* ILLIBERAL *villain.*

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, Couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.

SCENE II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero,* do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
My ſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. [3] Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid

3 —— *Griev'd I, I had* but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's FRAME?
I've one too much *by thee.*——] The meaning of the ſecond line

Chid I for That at frugal nature's 'fraine?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine;
This shame derives it self from unknown loins:
4 But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd,
As mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self was to my self not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she, —— O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my Cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is stronger made,

line according to the present reading, is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that she sent me a girl and not a boy?* But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himself may be believed, it was because she had given him *but one:* and in that he owns he did foolishly, for he now finds he had *one too much.* He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her so because she chose to send a girl, rather than a boy, would be ridiculous) So that we must certainly read,

Chid I for this at frugal nature's 'FRAINE, i. e. refraine, *or keeping back her further favours, stopping her hand, as we say, when she had given him one.* But the *Oxford* Editor has, in his usual way, improved this amendment, by substituting *hand* for *'fraine.*

4. *But mine,* AND *mine I lov'd,* AND *mine I prais'd,* AND *mine that I was proud on* ——] The sense requires that we should read, As in these three places. The reasoning of the speaker stands thus,—*Had this been my adopted child, this shame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine,* AS *mine I loved her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently, as I claimed the glory I must needs be subjected to the shame,* &c.

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace, that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?

[5] *Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,

5 Friar. *Lady, what man is he you are accuſed of?*] The friar had juſt before boaſted his great ſkill in fiſhing out the truth. And indeed, he appears, by this queſtion, to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then ſhould he aſk her what man ſhe was accuſed of? But in this lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For had *Hero* been guilty, it was very probable that, in that hurry and confuſion of ſpirits, into which the terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe would never have obſerved that the man's name was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, have betrayed herſelf by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that were ſhe guilty ſhe would probably fall into the trap he laid for her. — I only take notice of this to ſhew how admirably well *Shakeſpear* knew how to ſuſtain his characters.

Than

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life 'reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
' When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
' Th' Idea of her Life ſhall ſweetly creep
' Into his ſtudy of imagination,
' And every lovely organ of her life
' Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
' More moving, delicate, and full of life,
' Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
' Than when ſhe liv'd indeed.' Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh, he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not, but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[6]SCENE III.

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest, I love thee.

6 SCENE III.] The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. *Beatrice* here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin *Hero*: And without this very natural incident, considering the character of *Beatrice*, and that the story of her passion for *Benedick* was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and *Benedick*. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once.

Beat.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice, ———

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—— O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? ——— a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat.——

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet galant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules,* that only tells a lie, and ſwears it:

it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin; I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. IS our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl. Write down, maſter gentleman *Conrade*; maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains. — Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will

go

go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, Sirs, we say, we are none.

To. Cl. "A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; "but I will go about with him. Come you hither, "sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is "thought you are both false knaves."

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. "Well, stand aside; 'fore God, they are "both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are "none?

Sexton. Master town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the deftest way, let the Watch come forth; Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master town-clerk ———

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny.

deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stol'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

7 *Sexton.* Let them be in hand. [*Exit.*

Conr. Off, Coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb:* come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass. ——

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; "I am a

7 Sexton. *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.*] So the Editions. Mr. *Theobald* gives the words to *Conrade*, and says, *But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his Brother Officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion he shews of knowing their ignorance.* This is strange. The Sexton throughout shews as good sense in their Examination as any Judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his suspicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Townclerk *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanness of his name hindered our Editor from seeing the goodness of his Sense. But this *Sexton* was an Ecclesiastic of one of the inferior Orders called the *Sacristan*, and not a *Brother Officer*, as the Editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the Poet took his subject was some old *English* novel translated from the *Italian*, where the word *Sagristano* was rendered *Sexton*. As in *Fairfax*'s *Godfrey of Boulogne*;

When Phœbus *next unclos'd his wakeful eye,*
Up rose the SEXTON *of that place prophane.*

The passage then in question is to be read thus,

Sexton. *Let them be in hand.* [*Exit.*
Conr. *Off, Coxcomb!*

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The *Sexton* says, it was sufficient if they were kept in safe custody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, *Conrade* says, *Off, Coxcomb!* as he says afterwards to the Constable, *Away! you are an ass.*—But the Editor adds, *The old Quarto gave me the first umbrage for placing it to* Conrade. What these words mean I don't know: But I suspect the old Quarto divides the passage as I have done.

" wife

" wife fellow, and which is more, an officer; and " which is more, an houſholder; and which is more, " as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one " that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; " go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that " hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about " him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ " down an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Anthonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuite with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form.
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
(*a*) And ſorrow waive; cry, hem! when he ſhould groan;
' Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
' With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
' And I of him will gather patience.
' But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
' Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
' Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,

(*a*) *And Sorrow waive;*] *Oxf.* Editor.—Vulg. *And ſorrow wage.*

' Their

' Their counsel turns to passion, which before
' Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
' Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
' Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
' No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
' To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
' But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
' To be so moral, when he shall endure
' The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
' My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
' For there was never yet philosopher,
' That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
' [1] However they have writ the style of Gods,
' [2] And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself:
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords;

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato.*

Leon. Some haste, my Lord! well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

1 *However they have writ* the style of Gods,] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise man. Sapiens *ille cum* Diis, *ex pari, vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. Jupiter *quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus est.* Sapiens *nihilo se minoris æstimat.*——Deus *non vincit* Sapientem *felicitate.* Ep. 73.

2 *And made a pish at* chance and sufferance.] Alludes to their famous *Apathy.*

Pedro.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd my innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart;
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I say.
Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
[3] *Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But

3 Ant. *He shall kill two of us*, &c.] This *Brother Anthony* is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the Character

But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,——

Ant. Content your ſelf; God knows, I lov'd my Niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*——

Ant. "Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
" And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
" Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
" That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
" Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
" And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
" How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
" And this is all."

Leon. But, brother *Anthony*,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, [4] we will not wrack your patience.

Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'erwhelm'd with grief for his only daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him for not commanding his paſſion better on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *Age* and *Valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of rage himſelf: and all his Brother can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of Judgment peculiar to *Shakeſpear*. As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted.

4 *we will not* WAKE *your patience.*] This conveys a ſentiment that the ſpeaker would by no means have implied, That the patience of the two Old men was not exerciſed, but aſleep, which upbraids them for inſenſibility under their wrong. *Shakeſpear* muſt have wrote—*We will not* WRACK, *i.e.* deſtroy your patience by tantalizing you.

My

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my Honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord———

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE III.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.—I pray you chuse another subject.

Claud. [5] Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

5 *Nay, then give him another staff*; &c.] Allusion to *Tilting*. See note, *As you like it*. Act 3. Scene 10.

Pedro.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together trans-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Benedick.

Benedick. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. [6] What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad; did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio,* one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady;

6 *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!*] It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak*, to which this well turn'd *expression* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.

thirdly,

thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery;
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the Plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and maſters do not forget to ſpecifie, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Leonato *and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
" That when I note another man like him,
" I may avoid him; which of these is he?"
Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy breath
Hast kill'd mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: chuse your revenge your self;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.
Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.
Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the People in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you should have given her Cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment; "and alſo the watch heard them talk of one *De-*"*formed:* they ſay, [7] he wears a key in his ear, and a "lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's "name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never "paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will "lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you, examine "him upon that point."

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your Worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

[7] *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,*] There could not be a pleaſanter ridicule on the faſhion, than the conſtable's deſcant on his own blunder. They heard the conſpirators ſatyrize the *faſhion:* Whom they took to be a man, ſirnamed, *Deformed.* This the conſtable applies with exquiſite humour to the courtiers, in a deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *Love-lock.* Againſt this faſhion *William Prynn* wrote his treatiſe, called, *The unlovelyneſs of Love-locks.* To this fantaſtick mode *Fletcher* alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge*——*This morning I brought him a new periwig with* a lock at it——*And yonder's a fellow come has* bored a hole in his ear. And again in his *Woman-hater*—*If I could endure an ear with a* hole *in it, or a platted* lock, *&c.*

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee,

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which, I beseech your Worship, to correct your self, for the example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret,*
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Leonato's *House.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret.

Bene. PRAY thee, sweet Mistress *Margaret,* deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret,* that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no Man come over me? why shall I always keep above stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, *Margaret,* it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call *Beatrice;* I give thee the bucklers.

Marg.

Marg. Give us the ſwords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings*] *The God of love, that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve,* ——— I mean, in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a cow-

ard; and I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. "An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd "[8] in the time of good neighbours;" if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. [9] Queſtion?——why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my ſelf; ſo much for praiſing myſelf; who, I my ſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſu. Madam, you muſt come to your Uncle; yon-

8 *in the time of good neighbours*;] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous.

9 Queſtion? *why, an hour*, &c.] i. e. What a queſtion's there, or what a fooliſh queſtion do you aſk. But the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding this phraſe, contracted into a ſingle word, (of which we have many inſtances in *Engliſh*) has fairly ſtruck it out.

der's

der's is old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants, with tapers.*

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato?*

Attend. It is, my lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero, *that here lyes:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this Right.
Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.
Claud. [1] And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, she was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour

1 *And* Hymen *now with luckier issue* speeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] *Claudio* could not know, without being a prophet, that this new-propos'd match should have any luckier event than that design'd with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in *Claudio*; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *speed's*; i. e. *speed us*: and so it becomes a prayer to *Hymen*. Dr. *Thirlby*.

To

To visit me; you know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' state of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*;
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
That you have such a *February*-face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juſt his bleat.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula, *maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; Sweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your huſband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.
[*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.
Claud. Another *Hero?*
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, ſurely, as I live, I am a maid.
Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero*, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualifie.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chappel let us preſently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice?*
Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.
Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd; they ſwore, you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene.

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula*, Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore, you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, Cousin, I am sure, you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another, Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. [2] I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. ——— [*Kissing her.*

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick*, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? no: "if a "man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear no- "thing handsome about him;" in brief, since I do

2 *I would* not *deny you*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* says, *is not this mock-reasoning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the Negative I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the poet's humour:* and so changes *not* into *yet*. But is not this a *Mock Critic?* who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for pity*, she replies, *I would not deny* thee, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. *Theobald*, by altering *not* to *yet*, makes it supposed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied; which was not the case.

purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

MERCHANT

OF

VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh *Prince,* } *Suiters to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon. }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old man, Father to* Launcelot.
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailer, Servants and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice; *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

THE

THE MERCHANT *of* Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anth. IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it;
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ———
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your [1] Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſie to them do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,

1 *Argoſie*, a ſhip from *Argo*. Mr. *Pope*.

Would

Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me strait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; —— I know, *Anthonio*
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's say, you're sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say, you're merry,
Because you are not sad. " [2] Now by two-headed *Janus*,
" Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
" Some that will evermore [3] peep through their eyes,
" And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;

2 —— *Now by two-headed* Janus,] Here *Shakespear* shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of *Pan* and *Bacchus*; of *Saturn* and *Apollo*, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques; and in the books of the antiquaries, as *Montfaucon*, *Spanheim*, &c.

3 ——*peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.

" And

" And others of such vinegar-aspect,
" That they'll not [4] show their teeth in way of smile,
" Though *Nestor* swear, the jest be laughable."

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Bassanio*, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo:* fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sola. I would have staid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine's a sad one.
Gra. [5] Let me play the Fool;——
[6] With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;

4 —— *their teeth* in way of smile,] Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger.

5 *Let me play the Fool*;—] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces: From whence came the phrase *to play the Fool.* Which always signifies the acting absurdly out of meer wantonness. But that, as we observed, is not the sense here.

6 *With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come*;] Because they come easier, and are longer before they come than when brought by *Care.*

And

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
" Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
" Sit like his grandſire cut in Alabaſter?
" Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
" By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
" (I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
" There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
" Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
" And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
" With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
" Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
" As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
" And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
" O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
" That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
" For ſaying nothing;" who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good *Lorenzo*; fare ye well a while;
7 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing,

7 *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this conſiſts in its being an alluſion to the practice of the puritan preachers of thoſe times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their ſermon called the *exhortation* till after dinner.

more

more than any man in all *Venice:* his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio,*
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: to you, *Anthonio,*
I owe the most in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Bassanio,* let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour; be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest means
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, [8] like a witless youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way

8 —— *like a* WILFUL *youth,*] This does not at all agree with what he just before promised, that, what follow'd, should be *pure innocence.* For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure.* We should read WITLESS, *i. e.* heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy, who, for want of *advised watch,* lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it.

Which

Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That [9] in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus*' *Portia:*
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Colchos*' ſtrond;
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch [1] thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia:*
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

9 — *in your knowledge*—] i. e. Agreeable to your knowledge and care of my honour. *Mr. Pope.*

1 Thrift *for* thriving.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to BELMONT.

Three Caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. BY my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches; and poor men's cottages, Princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple! But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word, chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors, that are already come?

Por.

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. [2] Ay, that's a Colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count *Palatine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe: he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Boun?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth, I know, it is a ſin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; [3] he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*; and you may come into the court

2 *Ay, that's a* Colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe*;] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *he can perceive neither humour nor reaſoning* in this reading, and therefore alters *Colt* to *Dolt*; but whatever humour or reaſoning there is in the one there is in the other: for the ſignification is the ſame in both. *Hen.* IV. 1ſt part, *Falſtaff* ſays, *What a plague mean you to* colt *me thus?* And *Fletcher* conſtantly uſes *Colt* for *Dolt*.

3 *he hath neither* Latin, French, *nor* Italian;] A Satire on the ignorance of the young *Engliſh* Travellers in *our Author's time.*

and

and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *English*. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottish* lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. [4] I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of *Rhenish* wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be marry'd to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are

[4] *I think, the* Frenchman *became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the *French* gave the *Scots* in their quarrels with the *English*. This Alliance is here humourously satirized.

so

ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*; as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, Madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word, the Prince, his maſter, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, *Neriſſa*. Sirrah, go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place in VENICE.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. THREE thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into! I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto?* ——who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio.*

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which

Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. *Shylock*, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior;
[*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom.——Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo;
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,——but hear you,
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,—
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take int'reſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly, int'reſt; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were ſtreak'd and pied,
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turn'd to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time

Fall

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing, not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inserted to make int'rest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio?*
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. ———
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside's falshood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats! 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help;
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; you say so;
You, that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: money is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,

5 *O, what a goodly outside* falshood *hath!*] But this is not true, that falshood hath always a goodly outside. Nor does this take in the force of the speaker's sentiment; who would observe that that falshood which quotes scripture for its purpose has a goodly outside. We should therefore read,

O, what a goodly outside's falshood hath! i. e. *his* falshood, *Shylock*'s.

A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this,——fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take
[6] A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show;
Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it shall please me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the *Jew*.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

6 *A* breed *of* barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed* that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren* the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot like corn and cattle multiply it self. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition.

Anth.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what these christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait;
See to my house, [7] left in the fearless guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.
This *Hebrew* will turn christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

7 — *left in the* FEARFUL *guard*, &c.] But surely *fearful* was the most trusty guard for a house-keeper in a populous city; where houses are not carried by storm like fortresses. For *fear* would keep them on their watch, which was all that was necessary for the owner's security. I suppose therefore *Shakespear* wrote

FEARLESS guard.

i.e. Careless; and this, indeed, would expose his house to the only danger he had to apprehend in the day-time, which was clandestine pilfering. This reading is much confirmed by the character he gives this guard, of *an unthrifty knave*, and by what he says of him afterwards, that he was,

——— *a huge feeder:*
Snail-slow in profit, but the sleeps by day
More than the wild cat. ———

ACT II. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

Enter Morochius, *a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly; with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flouriſh Cornets.*

Mor. MIſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my ſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Your ſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a *Perſian* Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice

Which

Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his *(a)* page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. CErtainly my conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, no; take heed, honest *Launcelot*; take heed, honest *Gobbo*; or, as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away! says the fiend; for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son ——(for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to: he had a kind of taste.) —— well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience;

[*(a) Page*, Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *rage*.—]

conſcience, ſay I, you counſel ill; fiend, ſay I, you counſel ill. To be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a basket.*

Gob. Maſter young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. [1] Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?* (mark me now, now will I raiſe the waters;) talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. No maſter, Sir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot.*

1 *Turn up, on your right-hand,* &c] This arch and perplexed direction, to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of *Syrus* to *Demea* in the *Brothers* of *Terence.*

——— *ubi eas prætericris,*
Ad ſiniſtram *hac* rectâ *platea: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*
Ito ad dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias,* &c.

Gob.

Gob. Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo*, I beſeech you, talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo, maſter *Launcelot*; talk not of maſter *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father.

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon; give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not, what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man; and, I am ſure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own fleſh and blood: lord worſhip'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my [2] Thill-horſe has on his tail.

2 *my* FILL-*horſe*] Nonſenſe. We ſhould read, THILL-horſe, the horſe which draws in the ſhafts or *Thill* of the carriage.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew*: give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew*, if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecifie,——

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutifie unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is——

Laun.

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to my self, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy Suit;
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. [3] Thou speak'st it well; go, father, with thy son:
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a service, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have a [4] fairer table, [5] which doth ***** offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life; here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man! and then to 'scape

3 Thou *speak'st* it well;] I should choose to read, *Thou* SPLIT'ST *it well*, i. e. divideſt the two parts of the proverb between thy master and me.

4 *fairer table*,] The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. So *Ben Johnson* in his *Mask of Gipsies* to the lady *Elizabeth Hatton*;

Mistress of a fairer table,
Hath not history nor fable.

5 *which doth offer to swear upon a book*, &c.] This nonsense seems to have taken its rise from the accident of a lost line in transcribing the play for the press; so that the passage, for the future, should be printed thus, —— *Well, if any man in* Italy *have a fairer table, which doth* ****** *offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.* It is impossible to find, again, the lost line; but the lost sense is easy enough —— *if any man in* Italy *have a fairer table, which doth* [promise good luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] *offer to* swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.

drowning thrice, and to be [6] in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this.
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

SCENE III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, ———

Baſſ. *Gratiano!*

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont*.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T'allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit, leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes

6 *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,*] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.——— A certain *French* writer uſes the ſame kind of figure, *O mon ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée ſur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompu le Cou.* —

Thus

Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'M ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs;
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
And, *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The STREET.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. [7] 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Laun. An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jeſſica*,
I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately.
Go.——Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.

Sola. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.

7 *'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,*]
Ut gratis inter menſas Symphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt; poterat duci quia Cœna ſine iſtis. *Hor.*

Sal.

Sal. 'Tis good, we do so. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jessica?*

Lor. I must needs tell thee all; she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she doth it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless *Jew.*
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest;
Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Shylock's *House.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio.*
What, *Jessica!* —— thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me —— what, *Jessica!* ——
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.
Why, *Jessica!* I say.

Laun. Why, *Jessica!*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica;*
There are my keys: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal christian. *Jessica,* my girl,
Look to my house; I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.

Laun.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? hear you me, *Jeſſica.*
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob*'s ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs*' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you.——
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find*;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The STREET.

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in masquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which *Lorenzo* desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. [8] O, ten times faster *Venus'* Widgeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

8 *O, ten times faster* Venus' Pidgeons *fly*] This is a very odd image, of *Venus*'s Pidgeons flying to seal the bonds of Love. The sense is obvious, and we know the dignity due to *Venus*'s Pidgeons. There was certainly a joke intended here, which the ignorance or boldness of the first transcribers have murder'd: I doubt not, but *Shakespear* wrote the line thus:

O, ten times faster Venus' Widgeons *fly*
To seal, &c.

For *Widgeon* is not only one species of Pidgeons, but signified likewise, metaphorically, a *silly fellow*, as *Goose*, or *Gudgeon*, does now. The joke consists in the ambiguity of the signification. And the calling love's votaries, *Venus's Widgeons*, is in high humour. *Butler* uses the same joke in speaking of the presbyterians.

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, *were ass and* Widgeon.

Mahomet's ass or rather mule was famous: and the monks in their fabulous accounts of him said, he taught a pidgeon to pick peas out of his ears to carry on the ends of his imposture.

Enter

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo:* more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above, in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo,* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs, that thou art.

Jeſ. Here catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too, too, light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once ——
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild my ſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew.*

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily;
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;

And

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her self;
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, *to them.*

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio*, ———
Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o' clock, our friends all stay for you;
No masque to night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I'm glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. GO, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discover'd.*
Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must

Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? pause there, *Morochius*;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of my self.
As much as I deserve —— why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her sercloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:

But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a ſcrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcroll'd;
Fare you well, your ſuit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour loſt:
Then farewel, heat; and welcome, froſt:
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains; go—
Let all of his complexion chuſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. WHY, man, I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip, I'm ſure, *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand,
That in a *Gondola* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jeſſica*:

Beſides,

Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter,
Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels too, ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas, that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.
Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*.
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

Sola.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his [9] embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa *with a Servant.*

Ner. QUICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train,* Portia. *Flour. Cornets. The Caskets are diſcover'd.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble Prince;
If you chuſe that, wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t'obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.
Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.

9 — EMBRACED *heavineſs*] This unmeaning epithet would make me chooſe rather to read,

ENRACED heavineſs,

From the *French enraciner*, accreſcere, inveteraſcere. So in *Much ado about nothing*,

I could not have owed her a more ROOTED *love.*

And again in *Othello*,

With one of an INGRAFT *infirmity.*

Who

Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire—that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? [1] how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vanned? well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:

1 ——————— *how much honour*
Pickt *from the* chaff *and ruin of the times,*
To be new varniſh'd?] This confuſion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that *Shakeſpear* wrote,
To be new vanned.———————
i. e. winnow'd, purged: from the *French* word, *vanner*; which is derived from the *Latin Vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fann* uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration reſtores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uſes the ſame thought. So in the 2d part of *Henry* IV.
We ſhall be winnow'd *with ſo rough a wind,*
That even our corn *ſhall ſeem as light as* chaff.

I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
[*Unlocking the silver casket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire sev'n times tried this;
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss.
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Ser.

Ser. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in *April* never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee;
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid*'s post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

Sola. NOW, what news on the *Ryalto?*

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wreckt on the narrow seas; the *Godwins*, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my gossip *Report* be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio* ——— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola.

Sola. Ha, what say'ſt thou? why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, [1] leſt the devil croſs thy prayer, for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; [2] a bankrupt, for a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a chriſtian courteſie; let him look to his bond.

1 *leſt the devil croſs* my *prayer*.] But the prayer was *Salanio*'s. We therefore muſt read —— thy *prayer*.

2 *A bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is ſpoke of *Anthonio*. But why a prodigal? his friend *Baſſanio* indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the *Jew* honours him when he is going to ſup with him.

——— *I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The *prodigal* chriſtian ———

But *Anthonio* was a plain, reſerved, parſimonious merchant, be aſſured therefore we ſhould read. — *A bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by ſupplying the extravagancies of his friend *Baſſanio*.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, [3] heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, Revenge. The Villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd unless the devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua?* hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort!* the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other pre-

3 *heal'd by the same* means,] I should believe, that *Shakespear* wrote MEDICINES.

cious,

cious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O, would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, so! and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua* ——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news? ha, ha, where? in *Genoua?*

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoise*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go,

Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and Attendants. The Caskets are set out.*

Por. I Pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn:
So will I never be; so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;
And so all yours. Alas! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And so tho' yours, not yours, prove it so,
4 Let fortune go to hell for it. Not I.

I speak

4 *Let fortune go to hell for it. Not I.*] This line is very obscure. The form of the expression alludes to what she had said of being forsworn. After some struggle, she resolves to keep her oath: And then says, *Let fortune go to hell for it.* For what! not for telling or favouring *Bassanio*, which was the temptation she then lay under: for fortune had taken no oath. And, surely, for the mere favouring a man of merit, fortune did not deserve (considering how rarely she transgresses this way) so severe a sentence. Much less could the speaker, who favour'd *Bassanio*, think so. The meaning then must be, *Let fortune rather go to hell for not favouring* Bassanio, *than I for favouring him.* So loosely does our author sometimes use his pronouns.

I speak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.
Bass. Let me chuse:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, *Bassanio?* then confess,
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do speak any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess and live.
Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then! I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick. That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem

pronouns. — — *not I* does not signify, *Let not I go to hell*; for then it should be *Let not me*. But it is a distinct sentence of itself. And is a very common proverbial speech, signifying, I will have nothing to do with it. Which if the *Oxford Editor* had considered, he might have spared his pains in changing *I* into *me*.

The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules*;
Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*

A Song, whilst Bassanio *commeuts on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All, *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? in religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward search't, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest, that wear most of it.

So

So are thoſe criſpy ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull, that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus Ornament is but the guilty ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T'entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
5 Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuſe I; joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſie;
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing; make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven

5 *Thy* paleneſs *moves me more than eloquence*;] *Baſſanio* is diſpleas'd at the golden *caſket* for its *gawdineſs*, and the ſilver one for its *paleneſs*; but, what! is he charm'd with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleas'd him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote,

Thy Plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence*: This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not; they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the *antitheſis* between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*,

This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt.

A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,——
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it; ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the Subſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave; [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice-fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my Wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
[6] Is ſome of ſomething, which, to term in groſs,

Is

6 *Is* SUM *of ſomething,*—] We ſhould read, SOME *of ſomething*, i. e.

Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er my ſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip, you have got me one.

i. e. only a piece or part only of an imperfect account. Which ſhe explains in the following line.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
? You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa?*

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio?*

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,

? A comma here set exactly right, by Mr. *Theobald.*

He

He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baſſanio *a Letter.*
Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind; his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [Baſſanio *opens the letter.*
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger: Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthonio?*
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd Contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear Friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame Paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;

And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio.*

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
* The best condition'd: An unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy.*

Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew?*

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand and deface the bond;

* *The best condition'd* AND *unweary'd spirit*
In doing courtesies;—] To be read and pointed thus,
The best condition'd: AN *unweary'd spirit.*

Double

Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio*'s fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portia*'s side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Nerissa* and my self, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day,
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. reads. *SWEET* Bassanio, *my ships have all miscarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! dispatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but 'till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. GOaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool, that lent out money *gratis*.
Goaler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.
Shy. I'll have my bond: speak not against my bond:
I've sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;

But

But since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Ant. [9] The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

9 *The Duke cannot deny*, &c.—] As the reason here given seems a little perplexed, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the Duke stop the course of law it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. MAdam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte their time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt needs be a like proportion.
[1] Of lineaments of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: *(a)* hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,

[1] *Of lineaments, of manners,* &c.—] The wrong pointing has made this fine ſentiment nonſenſe. As implying that friendſhip could not only make a ſimilitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true ſenſe is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, ſays the ſpeaker, muſt needs be proportionate.

[*(a) Hear.* Dr. *Thirlby*, —Vulg. *here.*]

Untill

Until her husband and my Lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this Imposition:
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of lord *Bassanio* and my self.
So fare you well, 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. [2] I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.
[*Exeunt* Jessica *and* Lorenzo.

Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Padua*; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor *Bellario*;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice:* waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee,

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us.

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,

2 *I thank you for your wish, and am* well pleased
To wish it back on you:——] I should rather think *Shakespear* wrote,

——*And am well* 'PRIS'D,

From the *French appris, taught, instructed,* i. e. you teach me, in the politeness of your good wishes, what I ought to wish you.

That

That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
'And speak between the change of man and boy,
'With a reed Voice, and turn two mincing steps
'Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
'Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
'How honourable ladies sought my love,
'Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,
'I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
'And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
'And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
'That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
'Above a twelve-month.' I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jews* daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother; [3] thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* ſhould be *more* than reaſon: but if ſhe be *leſs* than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

[3] *Thus when you ſhun* Scylla, &c.] *By this alluſion* (ſays Mr. *Theobald*) *it is evident* Shakeſpear *was no ſtranger to the Hexameter, nor the application of it, Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.* But is it not ſtrange that our critic, an *Engliſhman*, ſhould know this was a *Latin* proverb, and yet not know that it was become an *Engliſh* one likewiſe?

Laun.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.* Laun.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
'The fool hath planted in his memory
'An army of good words; and I do know
'A many fools that stand in better place,
'Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksie word
'Defie the matter:' how far'st thou, *Jessica?*
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio*'s wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life.
For, having such a Blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-house in VENICE.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators*; Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the Bar.*

Duke. WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the Court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thoul't ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
[1] Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;

And

[1] *Enough to preſs a royal merchant down*;] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding Epithet. It is uſed with

And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesie.
We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? [2] I'll now answer that
By saying 'tis my humour, is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;

with great propriety, and shews the Poet well acquainted with the history of the People whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the *French* and *Venetians*, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won *Constantinople*; the *French*, under the emperor *Henry*, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the *Grecian* empire on the *Terra firma*; while the *Venetians* who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the Republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the *Archipelago*, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the Republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the *Sanudo's*, the *Justiniani*, the *Grimaldi*, the *Summaripo's*, and others, all *Venetian merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the *Archipelago*, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over *Europe*. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

2 —— *I'll* NOT *answer that*,
But say, it is my humour,—] This *Jew* is the strangest Fellow. He is asked a question; says he will not answer it; in the very next line says, he has answered it, and then spends the 19 following lines to justify and explain his answer. Who can doubt then, but we should read

—— *I'll* NOW *answer that*,
BY SAYING *'tis my humour*——

And

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
3 Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
4 Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any Man the thing he would not kill?

3 *Masterless passion sways it to the mood*] The two old Quarto's and Folio read,

MASTERS OF *passion*.

And this is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that *Timotheus* and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural!

4 *Why he, a woollen* bag-pipe;—] This incident *Shakespear* seems to have taken from *J. C. Scaliger*'s *Exot. Exercit.* against *Cardan*. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, tho' now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. Sect.* 6. he has these words, *Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam* Sympathiam *Reguli Vasconis Equitis. Is dum viveret audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, *Shakespear*, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as *Scaliger* uses the word *Sympathiam* which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem* AFFECTIONEM *duabus rebus*, so *Shakespear* translates it by AFFECTION;

Cannot contain their Urine for AFFECTION.

Which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read, *Masters of passion*.

Bass.

Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think, you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height.
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make a noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

5 *Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.*] i. e. why he hath robb'd her of her offspring. Which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding, he hath altered the line thus.

When you behold *the ewe bleat for her lamb,*
i. e. when you *hear.*

There

There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays, without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; what, man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

SCENE II.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?*

Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. [6] Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!

6 *Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul, harſh* Jew,] This loſt jingle Mr. *Theobald* found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphraſe, *Tho' thou thinkeſt that thou art whetting thy knife on the ſoale of thy ſhoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal part.* Abſurd! the conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

Thou

Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place:
Mean time, the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his Name is* Balthaſar; *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſie between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:

Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew?*
Duke. Anthonio and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock?*
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anth.
Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. 'The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
'It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
'Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
'It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
''Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
'The throned monarch better than his Crown:
'His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
'The attribute to awe and majeſty,
'Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
'But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
'It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
'It is an attribute to God himſelf;
'And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
'When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.' Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſum; If that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
7 That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, ——I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.

7 *That malice bears down truth.*] By *truth* is here meant the reaſonable offers of accommodation which had been made.

Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales, to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:
"For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
"Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
"To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
"To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
"An age of poverty:" From which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would, ſhe were in heav'n, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome Pow'r to change this curriſh *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands. I've a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her huſband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*; O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*; a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the money.

Por. The *Jew* shall have all justice; soft! no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dies't, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel, Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He shall have meerly justice, and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel*, still say I; a second *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew*.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, *Jew*.
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of

Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
[8] The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy ſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio?*
Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, *Jew?* what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;

8 *The danger* FORMERLY *by me rehears'd.*] This danger was a judicial penalty, which the ſpeaker had juſt before recited, in the very terms and *formality* of the law itſelf: we ſhould therefore read FORMALLY.

I am not well; send the Deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon;
I must away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit* Duke *and his train.*

SCENE III.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account my self well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear 'em for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;

I will

I will not ſhame my ſelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Baſſ. 9 There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife,
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with* Neriſſa.
Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.
Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this Deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat

9 *There's more depends on this, than on the value.*] So the old Quarto reads, and it is right.

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my husband's ring: [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Grove, or green Place, before* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lor. THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troylus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage.*

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æſon.*

Lor. In ſuch a night,

Did

Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica*, (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the night?

Meſ. A friend.

Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Meſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy Croſſes, where ſhe kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Meſ. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenza?* ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?

My

My friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
[*Exit* Stephano.
And bring your musick forth into the air.
' How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
' Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
' Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
' Become the touches of sweet harmony.
' Sit, *Jessica:* look, how the floor of heav'n
' Is thick inlay'd [1] with patens of bright gold;
' There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
' But in his motion like an angel sings,
' Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
' [2] Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
' But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
' Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it:'
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I'm never merry, when I hear sweet musick.
[*Musick.*

Lor. ' The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
' For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
' Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
' Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
' (Which is the hot condition of their blood)
' If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
' Or any air of musick touch their ears,
' You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;

1 *with* PATTERNS *of bright gold*;] We should read PATENS: a round broad plate of gold born in heraldry: the cover of the sacramental-cup.

2 *Such harmony is in immortal* souls;] But the harmony here described is that of the spheres, so much celebrated by the antients. He says, the *smallest orb sings like an angel*; and then subjoins, *such harmony is in immortal* souls: But the harmony of angels is not here meant, but of the orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the poet alludes to the notion, that each orb has its *intelligence* or *angel* to direct it; for then with no propriety could he say, the *orb sung like an angel:* he should rather have said, the *angel in the orb sung*. We must therefore correct the line thus;

Such harmony is in immortal sounds:

i. e. in the musick of the spheres.

' Their

' Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
' By the sweet power of musick. Therefore, the Poet
' Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;
' Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
' But musick for the time doth change his nature.
' The man that hath no musick in himself,
' Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
' Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
' The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
' And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
' Let no such man be trusted—Mark the musick.'

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick, hark! [*Musick.*

Ner. It is the musick, Madam, of your house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are

3 *The man that hath no musick in himself,*
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,] The thought here is extremely fine: As if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*musick in himself*] and the *external musick* [*concord of sweet sounds*;] which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not chuse but please an *English* audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick. Jam verò video naturam* (says *Erasmus* in praise of Folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inseviſſe Philautiam: Atque hinc fieri, ut* BRITANNI *præter alia, Formam,* MUSICAM, *& lautas Menſas præpriè ſibi vindicent.*

To

To their right praise, and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Musick ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signifie their coming.

Por. Go, *Nerissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jessica*, nor you.

[*A Tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be *Bassanio* so from me;
But God sort all! you're welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;

It

It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poeſie, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but wel! I know,
The clerk will ne'r wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the Judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,

Deſerv'd

Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, He begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie;
My honour would not let ingratitude

So

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus:*
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself ———

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit!

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant.

Ant. Here, lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heav'n, it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſsly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario:*
There you ſhall find, that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo*, here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find, three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the Clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.
Baſſ. Sweet Doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow:
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.
Por. How now, *Lorenzo?*
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial Deed of Gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor.

Lor. Fair ladies, [4] you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I'm ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt interr'gatory,
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

4 ——*you drop* Manna *in the way*
Of ſtarved people.] *Shakeſpear* is not more exact in any thing, than in adapting his images with propriety to his ſpeakers; of which he has here given an inſtance in making the young *Jeweſs* call good fortune, *Manna*.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

Biron, Longaville, Dumain, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.*

Boyet, Macard, } *Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of* France.

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, a *Conſtable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*

Coſtard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.

A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.

Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall 'bate his ſcythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own Affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force;
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain*, and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars; and to keep thoſe Statutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three years faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years:
But there are other ſtrict obſervances;
As, not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

King. Your Oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an' if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Lon. You ſwore to that, *Biron*, and to the reſt.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know?

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to *(a)* feaſt expreſly am forbid;
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:

[*(a)Feaſt* Mr. *Theobald*.—Vulg. *faſt.*]

Or,

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be this, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops, that hinder study quite;
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsly blind the eye-sight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books:
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
" [1] Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign;
" And every godfather can give a name."

King.

1 *Too much to know, is to know nought but* FAME;
And every Godfather can give a name."] The first line in this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of setting it right. The first is to read it thus,

Too much to know, is to know nought but SHAME;
This makes a fine sense, and alludes to *Adam*'s Fall, which came from the inordinate passion of knowing too much. The other way is to read and point it thus,

Too much to know, is to know nought but FEIGN; i. e. *to feign.* As much as to say, the affecting to know too much is the way to know nothing. The sense, in both these readings, is equally good: But with this difference; If we read the first way, the following line is impertinent; and to save the correction we must judge it spu-

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill let's grow the weeding.
Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhime.
Long. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.
Biron. Well; ſay, I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At *Chriſtmas* I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in *May*'s new-fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe t'unlock the little gate.
King. Well, ſit you out——Go home, *Biron:* Adieu!
Biron. No, my good lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel Knowledge you can ſay;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!
Biron. *Item*, That no woman ſhall come within a

rions. If we read it the ſecond way, then the following line compleats the ſenſe. Conſequently the correction of *ſeign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (ſays the ſpeaker) *is to know nothing*; *it is only* feigning *to know what we do not: giving* names *for things without knowing their* natures; *which is* falſe *knowledge:* And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetic Philoſophy then in vogue. Theſe philoſophers, the poet, with the higheſt humour and good ſenſe, calls the *Godfathers of Nature*, who could only give things a *name*, but had no manner of acquaintance with their eſſences.

mile

mile of my Court, [*reading.*
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue:——— [*reading:*
Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

Item, [*reading.*] If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the Court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, your self must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The *French* King's daughter with yourself to speak,
A maid of grace and compleat majesty,
About Surrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with Fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree,
She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:
I am forsworn on meer necessity.———
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others, as to me;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is; our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
" One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
" Doth ravish, like inchanting harmony:
" [2] A man of complements, whom right and wrong
" Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
" This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
" For interim to our Studies, shall relate
" [3] In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
" From tawny *Spain*, lost in the world's debate.
How

[2] *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly *Shakespear's*, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and *Johnson* his contemporary, are, confessedly, the two greatest writers in the Drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between *Shakespear's* worst plays, and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and *Johnson* most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in *Johnson's* bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but, in the wildest and most extravagant notes of *Shakespear*, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that *Johnson* owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself: while *Shakespear*, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his Genius but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour.

[3] *In high-born words the worth of many a Knight*
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in

their

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie;
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſie.

Biron. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own Knight.

Long. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years are but ſhort.

SCENE II.

Enter Dull *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own perſon?

Biron. This, fellow; what would'ſt;

Dull. I my ſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, ——*Arme* —— commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low *(a)* having; God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the Stile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*.
The manner of it is, I was [4] taken in the manner.

their very ſtile. Why he ſays, *from tawny Spain* is, becauſe theſe romances being of *Spaniſh* original, the Heroes and the Scene were generally of that country. Why he ſays, *loſt in the world's debate* is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the *European* Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of *Aſia* and *Africa*. So that we ſee here is meaning in the words.

4 *taken* WITH *the manner.*] The following queſtion ariſing from theſe

(a) [Mr. *Theobald*, *having*.—Vulg. *heaven*.]

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form, following, Sir; all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King reads. *GREAT deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of* Navarre, *my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtring patron* ———

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

King. *So it is* ———

Coſt. It may be ſo; but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, *(a)* but ſo, ſo.

King. Peace———

Coſt. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words ——

Coſt. Of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. *So it is. Beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk: The time, when? about the ſixth hour, when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is call'd ſupper: ſo much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is*

theſe words ſhews we ſhould read ——*taken* IN *the manner.* And this was the phraſe in uſe to ſignify, taken in the fact. So Dr. *Donne* in his letters, *But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I ſhall be* taken in the manner; *and I ſit by one, too tender to theſe impreſſions.*

[*(a) but ſo, ſo.*] A quibble reſtored by the *Oxford Editor.*—— Vulg. *but ſo.*]

ycleped,

ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewe'ſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place, where; It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minow of thy mirth, (Coſt. Me?) *that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul, (Coſt.* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal, (Coſt.* Still me?) *which, as I remember, hight* Coſtard, *(Coſt.* O me!) *ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with, —— O with, —— but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Coſt. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother* Eve, *a female; or for thy more underſtanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-eſteem'd duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the need of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer,* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.*

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you: I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta, *(ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a vaſſal of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er.
And go we, lords, to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe Oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter Armado, *and* Moth.

Arm. BOY, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile?*

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile?* why, tender *Juvenile?*

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little! pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood.——

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir,

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? now

here's three ſtudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eaſie is it to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing-horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love; and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd curt'ſie. I think it ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* More authority, dear boy, name more: and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon!* I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſon*'s love, my dear *Moth?*

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, Maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown;
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. "The world was guilty of such a ballad some "three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be "found;" or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she deserves well ——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master [5] deserves.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing,

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.

SCENE IV.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta *a Maid.*

Dull. Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

5 *deserves.*] added, rightly, by the *Oxford* Editor.

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing: maid,—

Jaq. Man,———

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see———

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *and* Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love,

love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*'s club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal God of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonnetteer. Deviſe wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's *Palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Boyet. NOW, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits;
Conſider, whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Your ſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the plea, of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmens' tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now, to taſk the taſker; good *Boyet*,

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſollicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know ye the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feaſt,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.

I ſaw

I saw him at the Duke *Alanson*'s once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise!

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addrest to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes *Navarre*.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

King.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.
Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, Will shall break its will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord;
Not sin to break it. ——
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Biron. I know, you did.
Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question?
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none!
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But

But say, that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth:
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty:
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,
(a) On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.
Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast;
And go well satisfi'd to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

[*(a) On*, Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *One*]

As

As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates;
But here, without, you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your Grace!

King. Thy own Wiſh wiſh I thee, in every place.
[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Roſ. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Roſ. My phyſick ſays, ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Roſ. *No, poynt*, with my knife.

Biron. Now God ſave thy life!

Roſ. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that ſame?

Boyet. The heir of *Alanſon*, *Roſaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Long. I beſeech you, a word: what is ſhe in white?

Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light; I deſire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire That, were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you, Sir, whoſe daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit* Long.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Catharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!
Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welome to you.
[*Exit* Biron.
Mar. That laſt is *Biron,* the merry mad-cap lord
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep (ſweet lamb) unleſs we feed on your lips.
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:

All

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair;
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some Prince to buy;
Who tendring their own worth, from whence they were glast,
Did point out to buy them, along as you past.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd——

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park; *near the Palace.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. WArble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderness of years; take this key, give inlargement to the swain; bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in *French?*

Moth. No, my compleat maſter; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; ſigh a note and ſing a note; ſometimes through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometimes through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſt on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: [1] theſe are 'compliſhments, theſe are humours; theſe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make them men of note (do you note me?) that are moſt affected to theſe.

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of obſervation.

[2] *Arm.* But O, but O ——

Moth. The hobby-horſe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

1 *theſe are* COMPLEMENTS.] We ſhould read, 'COMPLISHMENTS, *i. e.* accompliſhments.

2 Arm. *But O, but O——*

Moth. *The* hobby-horſe *is forgot.*] In the celebration of *May*-day, beſides the ſports now us'd of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſt up repreſenting Maid *Marian*; another, like a *Fryar*; and another rode on a *Hobby-horſe*, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the *reformation* took place, and *Preciſians* multiplied, theſe latter rites were look'd upon to ſavour of paganiſm; and then maid *Marian*, the *fryar*, and the poor *Hobby-horſe*, were turn'd out of the games. Some who were not ſo *wiſely* preciſe, but regretted the diſuſe of the *Hobby-horſe*, no doubt, ſatiriz'd this ſuſpicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the *epitaph* above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculouſly, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*——humourouſly pieces out his exclamation with the ſequel of this epitaph. Mr. *Theobald.*

Moth.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead of metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II.

Re-enter Moth *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle; come, thy *l'envoy* begin. *Coſt.*

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no ſalve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me, my ſtars: doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a ſalve?

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; ſay the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe, that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth.*
I will ſpeak that *l'envoy.*
Coſtard running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one *Francis*; I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this ſignificant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.——

[*Exit.*

Moth. [3] Like the ſequele, I. Signior *Coſtard*, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, [4] my in-cony jewel! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this incle? a penny. [5] No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a *French* crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

3 *Like the* ſequel, I.] *Sequele*, in *french*, ſignifies a great man's train. The joke is that a ſingle page was all his train.

4 *my in-cony* JEW!] *In-cony* or *kony* in the *north* ſignifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we ſhould read, *my in-cony* JEWEL.

5. *No, I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? It carries* its *remuneration. Why? It is a fairer name than a* French *crown.*] Thus this paſſage hath hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common ſenſe, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, ſlight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humourous. Mr. *Theobald.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; ask for her,
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon,——O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.—— [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This [4] Signior *Junio*'s giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of ſighs and groans:
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
Sole Imperator, and great General
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
[5] And I to be a corporal of his File,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop?
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to:—It is a plague,
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan:
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome *Joan*. [*Exit.*

4 *Signior* Junio's] By this is meant *youth* in general.

5 *And I to be a corporal of his* Field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!] This nonſenſe muſt be corrected thus,
And I to be a corporal of his File,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop!
The *corporal of a file* is a military term. And ſo uſed elſewhere by *Shakeſpear*. *All's well*, &c.
Great Mars! *I put my ſelf into thy* FILE. And to ſtoop like a tumbler agrees with the ſervile condeſcenſions of a lover. But when the tranſcribers once ſaw the *tumbler*, they thought his *hoop* could not be far behind.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Prin. WAS that the King that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On *Saturday* we will return to *France.*
Then Foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that ſhoot:
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſie in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my Skill;
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;

[1] When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, [2] that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady, that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth.

[3] An' my waste, mistress, were as slender as your wit,
One o' these maids girdles for my waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur *Biron*, to one lady *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

1 *When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,*
We bend to that the working of the heart.] The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice.

2 —— THAT *my heart means no ill.*] We should read, THO' *my heart*——

3 *An'* YOUR *waste, mistress, were as slender as* MY *wit,*
One o' these maids girdles for YOUR *waste should be fit.*] And was not one of her maids girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by some accident or other; and that the lines should be read thus,

An' MY *waste, mistress, was as slender as* YOUR *wit,*
One of these maids girdles for MY *waste should be fit.*

The lines are humourous enough, both as reflecting on his own gross shape, and her slender wit.

Stand

Stand aside, good bearer.—[4] *Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it self, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself; have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly say,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!)* videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

4 —— Boyet, *you can carve*;
Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the *French* do their *Poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl, and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoriæ litteræ*; says *Richelet*. Mr. *Bishop*.

5 Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A phantaſme, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord *Berown*, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit* Princeſs *attended*.

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on.

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

5 *Thus doſt thou hear*, &c.] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation from ſome ridiculous poem of that time.

Roſ.

Ros. If we chuse by horns, your self; come not near. Finely put on, indeed.——

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An' I cannot, another can. [*Exit.* Ros.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, says my lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'th' bow-hand; i'faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a'must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night my good owl. [*Exeunt all but* Costard.

Cost. By my soul, a swain; a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests, most in-cony vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely; as it were, so fit.

Armado o'th one side, —— O, a most dainty man;
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear:
And his Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit;
Ah, heav'ns! it is a most pathetical Nit. [*Exit* Cost.
Shouting within.]

SCENE II.

[6] *Enter* Dull, Holofernes, *and Sir* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol.

6 *Enter*——Holofernes,] There is very little personal reflection in *Shakespear*. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and as himself says,

——— *his taxing like a wild goose flies,*
Unclaim'd of any man.——

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by *Holofernes* is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one *John Florio*, a teacher of the *Italian* tongue in *London*, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A world of words*, which in his Epistle Dedicatory he tells us, *is of little less value than* Stephens's *treasure of the* Greek *tongue*, the most compleat work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works *Sea-dogs or Land-critics*; *Monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men*; *whose teeth are canibals, their toongs addars-forks, their lips aspes-poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of* Turks *that strive which shall dive deepest into a* Christian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild *Nathaniel* desire *Holofernes* to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that *Holofernes* deals so much in *Italian* sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's lost*, printed 1598, and said to be *presented before her Highness this last Christmas* 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our *John Florio* with his *World of Words, recentibus editis*; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on* a good sonnet *of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.—Let* Aristophanes *and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on* Socrates; *those very mouths they make to vilifie shall be the means to amplifie his virtue*, &c. Here *Shakespear* is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the *sonnet* of *The Gentleman his friend*,

we

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were his inclination; after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; [7] and such barren plants are set before us, that we thank-

K 5 ful

we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful Princess*, &c. in which our author makes *Holophernes* say, *He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.* And how much *John Florio* thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, *H. S. His name is* H. S. *Do not take it for the* Roman H. S. *unless it be as* H. S. *is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that *Shakespear* chose for him the name which *Rablais* gives to his Pedant of *Thubal Holoferne*.

[7] *and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and* feeling are *for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] The words have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transpos'd and corrupted. The emendation I have offer'd, I hope, restores

ful ſhould be for thoſe parts, (which we taſte and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us, more than He.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.
But *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man *Dull*; *Dictynna*, good-man *Dull*.

Dull. What is *Dictynna?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more:
And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-ſcore.
[8] Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

ſtores the author: At leaſt, it gives him ſenſe and grammar: and anſwers extremely well to his metaphors taken from *planting*. *Ingradare*, with the *Italians*, ſignifies, to riſe higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progreſſion; and ſo at length come to *fructify*, as the poet expreſſes it.

[8] *Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of *Adam*, as when you uſe the name of *Cain*.

Hol.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prickt
A pretty pleaſing pricket;
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore
Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a foul feminine ſaluteth us.

9 *Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!*] We ſhould read, or *ſorel*, alluding to L being the numeral for 50. *Concerning the beaſts of chaſe, whereof the Buck, being the firſt, is called as followeth; the firſt year a Fawn; the ſecond year a* Pricket; *the third year, a* Sorel; *the fourth year a* Sore; *the fifth year, a buck of the firſt head*, &c. *Manwood* of the Laws of the Foreſt, p. 44.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter Parſon.

Hol. Maſter Parſon, *quaſi* Perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead, a good Luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter Parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from Don *Armatho*; I beſeech you, read it.

(a) Hol. [1] Fauſte, *precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ*
Ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not:—*ut re ſol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his: What! my ſoul! verſes?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Tho' to my ſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.

1 *Fauſte, precor, gelida*, &c.] A note of *La Monnoye*'s on theſe very words in *Les Contes des Periers, Nov.* 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and ſhew how well *Shakeſpear* has ſuſtained the character of his pedant—— *Il deſigne le Carme Baptiſte Mantuan, dont au commencement du* 16 *ſiecle on liſoit publiquement à* Paris *les Poëſies; ſi celebres alors, que, comme dit plaiſamment* Farnabe, *dans ſa preface ſur* Martial, *les Pedans ne faiſoient nulle difficulté de preferer à l'* Arma virumque cano, *le* Fauſte, precor, gelida, *c'eſt-a-dire, à l'* Eneide *de* Virgile *les Eglogues de* Mantuan, *la premiere deſquelles commence par,* Fauſte, *precor, gelida.*

[(a) *Hol.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *Sir Nath.*]

Study

Study his bias's leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder:
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the accent. [2] Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesie, *caret:* [3] *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *(a) imitari*, is nothing: [4] so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, to one of the strange Queen's Ladies.

2. *Let me supervise*, &c.] The common editions give this speech to *Nathaniel*. Dr. *Thirlby* restores it rightly to *Holofernes*.

3. Ovidius Naso *was the man.*] Our author makes his pedant affect the being conversant in the best authors: Contrary to the practice of modern wits, who represent them as despisers of all such. But those who know the world, know the pedant to be the greatest affecter of politeness.

4. *so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper. the* TIRED *horse his rider.*] The pedant here, to run down imitation, shews that it is a quality within the capacity of beasts: that the dog and the ape are taught to copy tricks by their master and keeper; and so is the *tir'd* horse by his rider. This last is a wonderful instance; but it happens not to be true. The author must have wrote—— *the* TRYED *horse his rider:* i. e. one, *exercis'd*, and broke to the *manage:* for he obeys every sign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona, the word is used in the sense of trained, exercised;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd *and tutor'd in the world.*

[(a) *imitari*, Mr. *Theobald.* —— Vulg. *imitary.*]

Hol.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady* Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard*, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* Cost. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith———

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel?*

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To* Dull.] you shall not say me, nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am coursing my

my self. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, set thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.——

King. [*reads*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will shew;
But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.——

How

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The King steps aside.*

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the three-corner cap of society,
The shape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love,
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hose:
Disfigure not his (*a*) slop.

Long. The same shall go. [*he reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury,
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment:
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a Paradise?

[(*a*) *slop.* Mr. *Theobald.*——Vulg. *stop.*]

Biron.

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?——company? stay.——

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye:
More sacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish?

Dum. O most divine *Kate!*

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [*aside.*

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is (*a*) but corporal; there you lie. [*aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine? [*aside.*

King. And mine too, good Lord! [*aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*aside.*

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, incision
Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. [*aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit. [*aside.*

Dumain *reads his sonnet.*

On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,

[(*a*) *but corporal,* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *not corporal.*

Spy'd

Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiope were;*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs [5] my true love's feſtring pain;
O, would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.

King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is
ſuch; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria? Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart:
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.

5 —— *my true love's* faſting *pain;*] I ſhould rather chuſe to read *feſtring*, rankling.

I heard

I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me! ſays one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.
You would for Paradiſe break faith and troth;
And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
6 How will he triumph, geap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh; none but minſtrels like of ſonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Knot!
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg!
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And 7 Cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breaſt?
A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.

6 *How will he triumph,* LEAP, *and laugh at it?*] We ſhould certainly read, GEAP, *i. e.* jeer, ridicule.

7 —CRITIC *Timon*—] ought evidently to be CYNIC.

Are

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd by keeping company
[8] With vane-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

[8] *With* MEN *like men,*—]This is a ſtrange ſenſeleſs line, and ſhould be read thus,

With VANE-*like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.*

Dum.

Dum. It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame. [*To* Coſtard.
Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this Audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will theſe turtles begone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaquen.

Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born,
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon;
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty
Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelf doth ſeek.

Lend

Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe; the praiſe, too ſhort, doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. [9] Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may ſwear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black?

King. O paradox, [1] black is the badge of hell:
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;
[2] And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:

9 *Is ebony like her? O* WORD *divine!*] We ſhould read, *O* wood *divine.*

1 ——*black is the badge of hell:*
The hue of dungeons, and the SCHOOL *of night*;] We ſhould read, the SCOWL *of night*, i. e. the *frown.*

2 *And beauty's* CREST *becomes the heavens well.*] This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a *black* or *white* beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the *white*, takes for granted the thing in diſpute; by ſaying, that *white* is the *creſt of beauty.* His adverſary had juſt as much reaſon to call *black* ſo. The queſtion debated between them being which was the *creſt of beauty*, black or white. *Shakeſpear* could never write ſo abſurdly: Nor has the *Oxford Editor* at all mended the matter by ſubſtituting *dreſs* for *creſt*, We ſhould read,

And beauty's CRETE *becomes the heavens well.*

i. e. beauty's white *creta.* In this reading the third line is a proper antitheſis to the firſt. I ſuppoſe the blunder of the tranſcriber aroſe from hence, the *french* word *creſte* in that pronunciation and orthography is *créte*, which he underſtanding, and knowing nothing of the other ſignification of *crete* from *creta*, critically altered it to the *Engliſh* way of ſpelling, *creſte.*

O, if

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that Painting and uſurping Hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee.
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; --- ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome Authority how to proceed;
[3] Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.

3 *Some tricks, ſome* quillets, *how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law chicane. I imagine the original to be this; in the *French* pleadings, every ſeveral allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every diſtinct plea in the defendant's anſwer, began with the words *Qu'il eſt*; ——— from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to ſignify a falſe charge or an evaſive anſwer.

Have

Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms;
Consider, what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords)
In that each of you hath forsworn his book.
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of Study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
Why, universal plodding prisons up
4 The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in That forsworn the use of eyes;
And Study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
5 Teaches such duty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewise see our Learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
6 In leaden contemplation have found out

Such

4 *The nimble* spirits in the arteries;] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from ἀερα τηρεῖν.

5 *Teaches such* BEAUTY *as a woman's eye?*] This line is absolute nonsense. We should read DUTY, *i. e.* ethics, or the offices and devoirs that belong to man. A woman's eye, says he, teaches *observance* above all other things.

6 —*In leaden contemplation have found out*
Such fiery numbers,——] Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy; at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. He calls them *numbers*, alluding to the *Pythagorean* principles of astronomy, which were founded

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.
' But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
' Lives not alone immured in the brain:
' But with the motion of all elements,
' Courses as swift as thought in every power;
' And gives to every power a double power,
' Above their functions and their offices.
' It adds a precious Seeing to the eye:
' A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
' A lover's ear will hear the lowest Sound,
' When 7 the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
' Love's Feeling is more soft and sensible,
' Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste;
For valour, is not Love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing Trees in the *Hesperides?*
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet and musical
8 As bright *Apollo*'s lute, strung with his hair:
9 And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods,
Mark,

founded on the laws of harmony. The *Oxford Editor*, who was at a loss for the conceit, changes *numbers* to *notions*, and so loses both the sense and the gallantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed *beauty's* to *beauteous*.

7 —— *the suspicious head of* theft *is stopt.*] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. *Theobald* says, there is no *contrast* between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable *antithesis*. What he means by *contrast* and *antithesis*, I confess, I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is *sense*; and that is better than either one or the other.

8 *As bright* Apollo's *lute, strung with his hair:*] This expression, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona, of—*Orpheus' harp was strung with poets sinews*, is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. *Apollo*, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire.

9 *And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods,*

Mark, Heaven drowſie with the harmony!
Never durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.——
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear:
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake (a word, that all men love)
Or for love's ſake, ([1] a word all women love)
Or for men's ſake, (the author of theſe women;)
Or women's ſake, (by whom we men are men;)
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe our ſelves, to keep our Oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity it ſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid*, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your Standards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell-mell, down with them; but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Make Heav'n drowſie with the harmony!] This nonſenſe we ſhould read and point thus,

And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the Gods,
Mark, heaven drowſie with the harmony!

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the Gods. Alluding to the ancient Theogony, that love was the parent and ſupport of all the Gods. Hence, as *Suidas* tells us, *Palæphatus* wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος· *The voice and ſpeech of* Venus *and* Love, which appears to have been a kind of *Coſmogony*, the harmony of which is ſo great that it calms and allays all kind of diſorders; alluding again to the ancient uſe of muſic, which was to compoſe monarchs, when, by reaſon of the cares of empire, they uſed to paſs whole nights in reſtleſs inquietude.

1 ——*a word,* THAT LOVES ALL MEN;] We ſhould read,

A word all WOMEN *love.*

the following line

Or for men's ſake (the author of theſe *women;)*

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all queſtion.

Long.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these glozes by;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France?*

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape:
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons! [2] sown Cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

Hol. SATIS, *quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too

2 — *sown cockle reap'd no corn;*] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falshood. The following lines lead us to this sense.

piqued, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it,

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and *point-deviſe* companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as do ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: [1] this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: [2] it inſinuateth me of *(a)* Inſanity: *Ne intelligis, Domine,* to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *(b) Bone?*——*bone,* for *benè*; *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

SCENE II.

Enter Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *Videſne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

1 *this is abominable,* &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the moſt redoubtable pedants of that time. On ſuch ſort of occaſions, *Joſeph Scaliger* uſed to break out, *Abominor, execror. Aſinitas mera eſt, impietas,* &c. and calls his adverſary *Lutum ſtercore maceratum, Dæmoniacum retrimentum inſcitiæ, Sterquilinium, Stercus Diaboli, Scarabæum, larvam, Pecus poſtremum beſtiarum, infame propudium,* κοπρος μα.

2 *it inſinuateth me of* INFAMY:] There is no need to make the pedant worſe than *Shakeſpear* made him; who, without doubt, wrote INSANITY.

[(*a*) *Inſanie,* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *infamy.*]

[(*b*) *Bone? bone, for benè*; *Priſcian a little ſcratch'd.* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *Bone boon, for boon, Priſcian a little ſcratch.*]

Coſt.

Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-baſket of words. I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is AB ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.———

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, [3] o, u.

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhould'ſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of diſcretion. O, that the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghill*; at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe latine, *dunghill* for *unguem.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from

[3] *o, u.*] A poor Conundrum, as Mr. *Theobald* truly call's it, reſtored, by him, to its place.—Vulg. *out.*

the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans question.*

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure you, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie——I beseech thee, apparel thy head,——and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too—but let that pass:——for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to *Armado*, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass——the very all of all is——but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy——that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, your ſelf; this gallant man, *Judas Maccabeus*; this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*, now thou "cruſheſt the ſnake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the Worthies,——

Hol. I will play three my ſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the PRINCESS's Pavilion.

Enter Princeſs and Ladies.

Prin. SWEET hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!——
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with That?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhy me,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid*'s name.

Ros. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do; and do it still i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for (*a*) past Cure is still past Care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have Verses too, I thank *Biron*.
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

[(*a*) — *past Cure is still past Care.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *past Care is still past Cure.*]

Prin.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not so full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews:
Prin. But what was sent to you from fair *Dumain?*
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin We are wise girls, to mock our lovers for't.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with jests:
[4] So portent-like would I o'er-sway his state,
That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.

Prin.

4 *So* PERTAUNT-*like would I o'er-sway his state,*
That he should be my Fool, *and I his* Fate.] In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*: Which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this *Shakespear* alludes again in *Measure for Measure*.

——*merely thou art* Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still——

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like* should be read PORTENT-*like*, *i. e.* I would be his fate or destiny, and like a

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

SCENE IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stab'd with laughter; where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet?*

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to saint *Cupid!* what are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
Toward that shade, I might behold, addrest
The King and his companions; warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by;
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.

portent hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the *Latins* called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

Action

Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil.——
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like *Moscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his sev'ral mistress; which they'll know,
By Favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task't;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask't.
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suite, to see a lady's face.
Hold, *Rosaline*; this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:

5 *Like* Moscovites, *or* Russians, *as I guess.*] The settling commerce in *Russia* was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: So that a mask of *Moscovites* was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since.

Hold,

Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*;
And change your Favours too; so shall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several councils they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mockt, depart away with shame. [*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be maskt, the maskers come.

SCENE V.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and Attendants, disguis'd like* Moscovites; Moth *with Musick, as for a masquerade.*

Moth. *All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!*

Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.
[The ladies turn their backs to him.

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.*
Out ——— *Biron.*

Biron. True; *out*, indeed.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchsafe*
Not to behold

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —*
With your sun-beamed eyes ———

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,
Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 'tis our Will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know, what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, That they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe

Vouchsafe to shew the sun-shine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.
King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;
Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.
Not yet? no dance; thus change I, like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance.
We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends;
Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize your selves then; what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with That.
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmsey;——well run, dice!

There's

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter———

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,———

Mar. Say you so? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your vizor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. [mocks!

Long. Look, how you butt your self in these sharp
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—

King.

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Lords.

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muſcovites*.
Are theſe the Breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are with your ſweet breaths puft out.
Roſ. Well-liking wits they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, ſhew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſ. O! they were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Cath. Lord *Longaville* ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And, trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Cath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!
Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.
Cath. And *Longaville* was for my ſervice born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes: for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change Favours; and, when they repair,
Blow, like ſweet roſes, in this ſummer air.

Prin.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boyet. " [6] Fair ladies, maſkt, are roſes in the bud;
" Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roſes blown,
" Diſmaſkt, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?

Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd, like *Moſcovites*, in * ſhapeleſs gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow Shows, and Prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt.*

6 *Fair ladies, maſkt, are roſes in the bud;*
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet commixture ſhewn,
Are ANGELS VEILING *clouds, or roſes blown.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe, made worſe by the jumbling together and tranſpoſing the lines, I directed Mr. *Theobald* to read thus,

Fair ladies, maskt, are roſes in the bud;
Or ANGELS VEIL'D IN *clouds: are roſes blown,*
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet commixture ſhewn.

But he willing to ſhew how well he could improve a thought, would print it,

——— *Or Angel-veiling Clouds,*

i.e. clouds which veil Angels: And by this means gave us, as the old proverb ſays, *a cloud for a* Juno. It was *Shakeſpear*'s *purpoſe* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. *Theobald*'s *chance* to compare her to a *cloud:* And perhaps the ill-bred reader will ſay a lucky one. However I ſuppoſed the Poet could never be ſo nonſenſical as to compare *a masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The *Oxford* Editor who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticiſm, is a great deal more ſubtile and refined, and ſays it ſhould not *be angels veil'd in clouds*, but *angels veiling clouds*, i. e. *capping* the ſun as they go by him, juſt as a man veils his bonnet.

* ——— Shapeleſs *gear*;] *Shapeleſs*, for uncouth, or what *Shakeſpear* elſewhere calls *diffuſed*.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Before the Princeſs's Pavilion.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain *in their own habits*; Boyet, *meeting them.*

King. FAIR Sir, God ſave you! Where's the Princeſs?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pidgeons peas;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and liſp: why, this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.
7 This is the flower, that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.——

And

7 *This is the* flower, *that* ſmiles *on ev'ry one.*] The broken diſjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to paſs a true judgment on this fault, it is ſtill to be obſerved, that when a metaphor is grown ſo common as to deſert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common ſtile, then what may be affirmed of the thing repreſented, or the *ſubſtance*, may be affirmed of the thing repreſenting, or the *image*. To illuſtrate this by the inſtance before us, a very complaiſant, finical, over-gracious perſon, was ſo commonly called the *flower*, or as he elſewhere expreſſes it, the *pink of courteſie*, that in common talk, or in the loweſt ſtile, this metaphor might be uſed without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed

And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part!

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and attendants*.

Biron. See, where it comes; [8] behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet Madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

ed of it as of an *agnomen*: hence it might be ſaid, without offence, to *ſmile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reaſon is this; in the more ſolemn, leſs-uſed metaphors, our mind is ſo turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects, this image ſhould be, for ſome little time, continued, by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of theſe terms, the image be no ſooner preſented than diſmiſſed, the mind ſuffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is that the broken, disjointed, and mix'd metaphor ſo much ſhocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common uſe, then even the very firſt mention of it is not apt to excite in us the repreſentative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing repreſented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrow'd ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: Becauſe the mind is already gone off from the image to the ſubſtance. Grammarians would do well to conſider what has been here ſaid when they ſet upon amending *Greek* and *Roman* writings. For the much-uſed hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this caſe temeariouſly.

8 —— *behaviour, what wert thou,*
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?] Theſe are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themſelves ſo much upon teaching, as a thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt ſilent accompliſhment under the direction of nature and common ſenſe, which does its office in promoting ſocial life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into ſhew and parade it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality.

King.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
9 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke:
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsully'd lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.
King. How, Madam? *Russians?*
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesie gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet

9 *The virtue of your eye* MUST *break my oath.*] Common sense requires us to read,

——MADE *break my oath,*

i.e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent——It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourself was the cause of.

With

With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.

Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye —

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.

Roſ. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you leſs.

Roſ. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?

Roſ. There, then, that vizor, that ſuperfluous Caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.

King. We are deſcried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?

Roſ. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from *Moſcovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for Perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, lady, dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's ſong.
Taffata-phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer-flies,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:

I do

I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expres't
In russet *yeas*, and honest kersie *noes:*
And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)
My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans, sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick:
I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lyes;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I see.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not; if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for your selves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*

What

What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?

Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Roſ. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it, like a *Chriſtmas* comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*,
That ſmiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is.---And might not You [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?

You

1 ——*ſmiles his cheek in* years, ——] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, he *cannot, for his heart, comprehend the ſenſe of this phraſe.* It was not his heart but his head that ſtood in his way. *In years*, ſignifies into wrinkles. So in *The Merchant of* Venice,

With

You put our page out: [2] go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope, it is not ſo.
You cannot beg us, Sir; I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times thrice, Sir——

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

See the note on that line.—But the *Oxford Editor* was in the ſame caſe, and ſo alters it to *fleers*.

2 ——*go, you are allow'd*;] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So *Twelfth Night*. *There is no ſlander in an* allow'd *fool*.

Biron

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome care.

King. Biron, they will ſhame us; let them not approach. [*Exit* Coſt.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord; and 'tis ſome policy
To have one Show worſe than the King's and his Company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents;
Their form, confounded, makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

SCENE IX.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch; for, I proteſt, the ſchoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna de la guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal coupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies: he preſents *Hector* of *Troy*; the ſwain, *Pompey* the Great; the pariſh-curate, *Alexander*; *Armado*'s page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus.*
And if theſe four Worthies in their firſt Show thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard *for* Pompey.

Cost. *I* Pompey *am* ———

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. *I* Pompey *am* ———

Boyet. [3] With *Libbard*'s head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I* Pompey *am*, Pompey, *surnam'd the Big.*

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, *surnam'd the Great*;
That oft in field, with targe and shield,
Did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, "thanks, *Pompey*, —— I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey.*

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the best Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;*
By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling Knight.

[3] *With* Libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a *Leopard*'s or *Lion*'s head.

Prin.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good *Alexander.*

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

Foyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alisander.*

Biron. Pompey the Great,———

Cost. Your servant, and *Costard.*

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander.*

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alisander* the Conqueror. [*to* Nath.] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, *Alisander.* There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas, you see, how 'tis a little o'er-parted: but there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey.*

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.———
Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A *Judas!*

Hol. Not *Iscariot*, Sir;
Judas *I am, ycleped* Machabeus.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas.*

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. The more shame for you, *Judas.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæſar*'s faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.

Biron. St. *George*'s half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer; And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet *Jude*; nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado,

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I think, *Hector* was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector.*

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector.*

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a Gift,* ———

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a gift, the heir of* Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville,* rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against *Hector.*

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. *This* Hector *far surmounted* Hannibal.

Cost. The party is gone, fellow *Hector,* she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest *Trojan,* the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta,* that

is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey!*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey!*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey! Pompey* the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*; ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll flaſh; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed Worthies.

Coſt. I'll do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey!*

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not ſee, *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat: what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. "True, and [4] it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* "for

[4] *it was enjoin'd him in* Rome *for want of linen*;] This may poſſibly allude to a ſtory, well known in our author's time, to this Effect. A *Spaniard* at *Rome* falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his beſt ſervices. The dying man told him he had but one requeſt to make to him, but conjured him by the memory of their paſt friendſhip punctually to comply with it, which was not to ſuffer him to be ſtript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promiſed, the *Spaniard* cloſed his eyes, and expired with great compoſure and reſignation. But his friend's curioſity prevailing over his

" for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he " wore none but a dish clout of *Jaquenetta*'s, and that " he wears next his heart for a Favour."

SCENE X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even so: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; [5] I have seen the day of right through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne our selves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord;
An heavy heart bears not a *(a)* nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;

his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt.

5 *I have seen the days of* WRONG *through the little hole of discretion,*] This has no meaning, we should read, *the day of* RIGHT, i.e. I have foreseen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time.

[*(a) nimble*, Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *humble.*]

And often, at his very looſe, decides
That, which long Proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King,
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if in your heav'nly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both; fair ladies, you:
And even that falſhood, in it ſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies it ſelf, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your Favours, the embaſſadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſie:
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:

5 But

5 But more devout than this, (ſave our reſpects)
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. 6 We did not quote them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and therefore, this———
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me;
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me, by theſe deſerts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.

5 *But more devout, than* THESE ARE *our reſpects*
Have we not been;]
This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,
But more devout than THIS, (SAVE *our reſpects*)
Have we not been;———
i. e. ſave the reſpect we owe to your majeſty's quality, your courtſhip we have laughed at, and made a jeſt of.

6 *We did not* COAT *them ſo.*] We ſhould read, QUOTE, eſteem, reckon.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
[7] To fetter up these powers of mine with rest;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. [8] [And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife!—a beard, fair health and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Cath. Not so, my lord, a twelve-month and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria?*

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,

7 *To* FLATTER *up these powers of mine with rest*;] We should read, FETTER *up*, i. e. the turbulence of his passion, which hindered him from sleeping, while he was uncertain whether she would have him or not. So that he speaks to this purpose, *If I would not do more than this to gain my wonted repose, may that repose end in my death.*

8 *And what to me, my love?* &c.—] These six lines are misplaced, and ought to be expung'd, as being the author's first draught only, of what he afterwards improved and made more perfect.

Before

Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won;)
You shall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that spirit;
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befall, what will befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.
[*To the King.*

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; these ladies' courtesie
Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me———

Prin. Was not that *Hector?*

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy.*

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most-esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.——

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the spring: the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
9 *Do paint the meadows much-bedight;*
The cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;

9 *Do paint the meadows* with delight;] This is a pretty rural song, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless expletive of *painting with delight*, I would read thus,

Do paint the meadows MUCH-BEDIGHT,

i. e. much bedecked or adorned, as they are in spring-time. The epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant.

The

The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the shepherd blows his nail;*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's *nose looks red and raw;*
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harsh after the Songs of *Apollo:*
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT I. SCENE I. *page* 172.

This child of fancy, *that* Armado *hight*, &c.] This, as I have ſhewn, in the note in its place, relates to the ſtories in the books of Chivalry. A few words therefore concerning their Origin and Nature may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and eſpecially as Monſieur *Huet, the Biſhop of Avranches*, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the *Origin of Romances*, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later *Greeks*, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of *Romances* almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and, inſtead of giving us an account of theſe books of Chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the ſubject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the *Provincial* Writers, called likewiſe *Romances:* and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The *Spaniards* were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to galantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of *Cervantes*'s incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The *French* ſuffered an eaſier cure from their Doctor *Rabelais*, who enough diſcredited the books of Chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its Giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined Politics* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the *Spaniards* of their *Romantic Bravery*. A *bravery* our *Shakeſpear* makes their characteriſtic, in this deſcription of a *Spaniſh* Gentleman:

A Man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as Umpire *of their mutiny:*

This

This Child of fancy, *that* Armado *hight*,
For interim *to our ſtudies, ſhall relate*,
In high-born words, *the worth of many a Knight*,
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This Gentleman*, ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated Stories recorded in the old Romances, and in their very ſtile.* Why he ſays, *from tawny Spain*, is becauſe, theſe Romances being of *Spaniſh* Original, the Heroes and the Scene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate*, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe Romances were the *Cruſades* of the *European* Chriſtians againſt the *Saracens* of *Aſia* and *Africa*.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the Romances of *Chivalry*. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh Hiſtorians: The one, who, under the name of *Turpin* Archbiſhop of *Rheims*, wrote the Hiſtory and Atchievements of *Charlemagne* and his twelve Peers; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the taſk of driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and the South parts of *Spain*: the other, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*.

Two of thoſe Peers, whom the old Romances have rendered moſt famous, were *Oliver* and *Rowland*. Hence *Shakeſpear* makes *Alanſon*, in the firſt part of *Henry* VI. ſay, "*Froyſard*, a countryman of ours, re-" cords, *England* all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred, during " the time *Edward* the Third did reign." In the *Spaniſh* Romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Ronceſvalles*, the feats of *Roland* are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*, or ſimply *Oliva*, thoſe of *Oliver*: for *Oliva* is the ſame in *Spaniſh* as *Olivier* is in *French*. The account of their exploits is in the higheſt degree monſtrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment paſſed upon them by the Prieſt in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the Knight's library to the ſecular-arm of the houſe-keeper, " Exceptando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por " ay, y à otro llamado Ronceſvalles; que eſtos en lle-" gando a mis manos, an de eſtar en las de la ama, y

" dellas

" dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna." [1] And of *Oliver* he says; " essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y " se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas. [2]" The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called *Roldan*, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of *Valencia*, near the town of *Alicant*, was made with a single backstroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible Ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the *Spaniards*, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in *French*, *faire le Roland* means, *to swagger*. This driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and *Spain*, was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the first that was printed in *Spain* was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the Inquisitor Priest says; " segun " he oydo dezir, este libro fuè el primero de Cavallerias " que se imprimiò en España, y todos los demás an to- " mado principio y origen deste;" [3] and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, *como à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of *Europe* afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable Guests; by the excitements of the Popes, they carried their arms against them into *Greece* and *Asia*, to support the *Byzantine* empire, and recover the holy Sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of Romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Grecia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that *Trebizonde* is as celebrated in these Romances as *Roncesvalles* is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous *Italian* epic poets, *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old Romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: *Ariosto* choosing the first, *the Sa-*

1 B. 1. c. 6. 2 Ibid. 3 Ibid.

racens

racens in France and Spain; and *Taſſo*, the latter, the *Cruſade againſt them in Aſia*: *Arioſto*'s hero being *Orlando* or the *French Roland*: for as the *Spaniards*, by one way of tranſpoſing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, ſo the *Italians*, by another, made it *Orland*.

The main ſubject of theſe fooleries, as we have ſaid, had its original in *Turpin*'s famous hiſtory of *Charlemagne* and his *twelve peers*. Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, *&c.* the invention of the Romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir *J. Maundeville*, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the iſle of *Cos*, in the *Archipelago*, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo a zonge Man, that "wiſte not of the Dragoun, went out of a Schipp, "and went thorghe the Iſle, till that he came to the "Caſtelle, and cam into the Cave; and went ſo longe "till that he fond a Chambre and there he ſaughe a "Damyſelle, that kembed hire Hede, and lokede in "a Myrour: and ſche hadde meche Treſoure abouten "hire: and he trowed that ſche hadde ben a comoun "Woman, that dwelled there to reſceyve men to Folye. And he abode, till the Damyſelle ſaughe the "ſchadewe of him in the Myrour. And ſche turned "hire toward him, and aſked him what he wolde. "And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire Limman or Paramour. And ſche aſked him, if that he were a "Knyghte. And he ſayde, nay. And then ſche ſeyde, "that he myghte not ben hire Limman. But ſche bad "him gon azen unto his Felowes, and make him "Knighte, and come azen upon the Morwe, and ſche "ſcholde come out of her Cave before him; and "thanne come and kyſſe hire on the Mowthe and have "no drede. For I ſchalle do the no maner harm, alle "be it that thou ſee me in lykeneſs of a Dragoun. For "thoughe

" thoughe thou ſee me hideouſe and horrible to loken
" onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be En-
" chauntement. For withouten doute, I am none o-
" ther than thou ſeeſt now, a Woman; and therefore
" drede the noughte. And zif thou kyſſe me, thou
" ſchalt have alle this Treſoure, and be my Lord, and
" Lord alſo of all that Iſle. And he departed, &c."
p. 29, 30. Ed. 1725. Here we ſee the very ſpirit of a Romance-adventure. This honeſt traveller believed it all, and ſo, it ſeems, did the people of the iſle. *And ſome Men ſeyn* (ſays he) *that in the Iſle of* Lango *is zit the Doughtre of* Ypocras *in forme and lykeneſſe of a gret Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadme in lengthe, as Men ſeyn: For I have not ſeen hire. And thei of the Iſles callen hire, Lady of the Land.* We are not to think then, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of Romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the Romancers with materials, was our *Geoffry* of *Monmouth*. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *Children of Fancy* (as *Shakeſpear* in the place quoted above finely calls them, inſinuating that *Fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) ſhould ſtop in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a carrier, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *Him* therefore the *Spaniſh* Romancers took the ſtory of the *Britiſh Arthur*, and the *Knights of his round-table*, his wife *Gueniver*, and his conjurer *Merlin*. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of Chivalry) the Wars of *Chriſtians* againſt *Infidels*. And whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the *Saxons* into *Saracens*. I ſuſpect by deſign: For Chivalry without a *Saracen* was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden Image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the Knights to try their ſwords, and break their launces upon, was called, by the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; ſo cloſely were theſe two ideas connected.

In

In these old Romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and King *Arthur* and his Knights, is called the *History of St. Greaal.* This St. *Greaal* was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph* of *Arimathea.* So another is called the *Kyrie Eleïson* of *Montauban.* For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made Saints of their Knights-errant, so they made Knights-errant of their tutelary Saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of Chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a Saint or a Devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous.* In the old Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake,* we have the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formally delivered as in *Bellarmine* himself. " La confession *(says the* " *preacher)* ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; & " si tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, " tu ne peus estre raccordé si non par trois choses: pre- " mierement par la confession de bouche; secondement " par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de " cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est " la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse " en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes " confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite.——Or " mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit " en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint " devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein " point de menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur " dit en soupirant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car " je suis le plus vil pecheur, *&c.*——Apres prinst " discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of *Don Quixote* and the *penance* of his Squire, are both of them in the *ritual* of Chivalry. Lastly, we find the Knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like *Charles* V. of *Spain,* in a Monastery; or turn'd Hermit, and became a Saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit

ſpirit of thoſe Dialogues between *Sancho* and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn *Saint* or *Archbiſhop*.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As *firſt*, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious War or Cruſade: *2dly*, The quality of the firſt Writers, who were religious Men: And *3dly*, The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that *Clement* V. interdicted *Juſts* and *Tourneaments*, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the Cruſade decreed in the Council of *Vienna*. "Torneamenta ipſa "& Haſtiludia ſive Juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, "& Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus "ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, ſpecialiter inter- "dixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis. C. unic. Temp. Ed.* I. Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the Cruſades by turning the fondneſs for *Tilts* and *Torneaments* into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of Knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn Juſts and Torneaments held at *Trebizonde*, *Bizance*, *Tripoly*, &c. Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was *Cervantes*'s intention to ridicule, where he makes his Knight propoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the *Turk*, to aſſemble all the Knights-errant together by Proclamation. [4]

4 *See* Part 2, l. 5. c. 1.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Duke.
Frederick, *Brother to the Duke, and uſurper of his dukedom.*
Amiens, Jaques, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſhment.*
Le Beu, *a courtier attending on* Frederick.
Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had formerly been a ſervant to the Duke.*
Jaques, Orlando, } *Younger brothers to* Oliver.
Adam, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now following the fortunes of* Orlando.
Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.
Charles, *a wreſtler, and ſervant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.
Touchſtone, *a clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.
Corin, Sylvius, } *Shepherds.*
A Clown, in love with Audrey.
William, *another clown, in love with* Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Roſalind, *Daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *Daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes, firſt, near* Oliver's *houſe; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

AS

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER's *Orchard.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this, my Father bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'ſt, charged my brother on his Bleſſing to breed me well; and here begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home; or, to ſpeak more properly) [2] ſtys me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of

1 *As I remember*, Adam, *it was upon this* FASHION *bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thouſand crowns*, &c.] The Grammar, as well as ſenſe, ſuffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged:* and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading, and pointing ſets all right.——*As I remember*, Adam, *it was upon this*, MY FATHER *bequeathed me*, &c. The Grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this, *Orlando* and *Adam* were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and *Orlando* opens the ſcene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this, i. e.* for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well.

2 STAYS *me here at home, unkept*;] We ſhould read STYS, *i. e.* keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping*——*that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox*, confirm this emendation. So *Caliban* ſays,

And here you STY *me in this hard rock.*

an

an ox? his horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this Nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something, that Nature gave me, [3] his diſcountenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

SCENE II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orl. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, [4] be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla.

3 *his* COUNTENANCE *ſeems to take from me.*] We ſhould certainly read *his* DISCOUNTENANCE.

4 *be better employ'd, and* be nought a while.] Mr. *Theobald* has here a very critical note; which, though his modeſty ſuffered him to withdraw from his ſecond edition, deſerves to be perpetuated, *i. e.* (ſays he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleneſs as you call it may be an exerciſe, by which you may make a figure, and endear yourſelf to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible Cypher. The poet ſeems to me to have that trite proverbial ſentiment in his eye quoted, from* Attilius, *by the younger* Pliny *and others*; ſatius eſt otioſum eſſe quàm nihil agere. *But* Oliver *in the perverſeneſs of his diſpoſition would reverſe the doctrine of the proverb.*

Does

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir!

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me; the courteſie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; [5] albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thy ſelf.

Does the Reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will aſſure him——*be nought a while* is only a north-country proverbial curſe equivalent to, *a miſchief on you.* So the old Poet *Skelton.*

Correct firſt thy ſelfe, walke and BE NOUGHT,
Deeme what thou liſt, thou knoweſt not my thought.

But what the *Oxford* Editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads,

——*and do aught a while.*

5 *albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his* REVERENCE.] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be thus underſtood,—— The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt-born—But I am perſuaded that *Orlando* did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himſelf; ſomething of both which there is in that ſenſe. I rather think he intended a ſatyrical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds* treated him as one not ſo nearly related to *old* Sir *Robert* as himſelf was. I imagine therefore *Shakeſpear* might write,——*albeit your coming before me is nearer to his* REVENUE, *i. e.* though you are no nearer in blood, yet it muſt be owned, indeed, you are nearer in eſtate.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer indure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

SCENE III.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the Door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in;——'twill be a good way; and to morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him; whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Roſalind*, the Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the Court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the *old Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a Fall; to morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he, that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I muſt for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find, I will moſt kindly requite. I had my

6 *for the Duke's daughter her couſin*] read, *the* NEW *Duke's.*

ſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubbornſt young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other; for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; and ſo, God keep your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo, long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs

unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle the Duke, my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe Sports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchſtone, *a Clown.*

Cel. No! when nature hath made a fair creature,

may she not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's Wit

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddesses, hath sent this Natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. "Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour "they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour "the mustard was naught:" Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now? stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by That that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit

wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great Show: here comes Monsieur *Le Beu*.

SCENE V.

Enter Le Beu.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pidgeons feed their young

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable. *Bonjour, Monsieur le Beu*; what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princess, you have lost much good Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,———

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beu You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three sons,———

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;———

7 *Ros.* With bills on their necks.

Clo.

7 *With* BILLS *on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents.*] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one

Clo. *Be it known unto all men by these presents* ——

Le Beu. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's Wrestler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so, he serv'd the Second, and so the Third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beu. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But [8] is there any else longs to set this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, Cousin?

Le Beu. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now stay and see it.

SCENE VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on, since the Youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardness.

speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the *Clown* says just before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank. Rosalind* replies—*thou loosest thy old smell.* So here when *Rosalind* had said, *With bills on their necks*, the *Clown*, to be quits with her, puts in, *Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him.

8 *Is there any else longs to* SEE *this broken musick in his sides?*] A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of *Rosalind*'s repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing* in *musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote——SET *this* broken musick *in his sides.*

Ros.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes aparts.*

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. [9] If you ſaw your ſelf with our eyes, or knew your ſelf with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never

9 *If you ſaw your ſelf with* YOUR *eyes, or knew your ſelf with* YOUR *judgment,*] Abſurd! The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read, OUR *eyes*, and OUR *judgment*. The argument is, *Your ſpirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you ſee and know your ſelf with our more impartial judgment you would forbear.*

gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well; pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your hearts desires be with you! ———

Cha. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his Will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else!
The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House.

But

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exit* Duke, *with his train.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? ——my better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
[1] Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.

Ros.

[1] *Is but a* quintaine, *a meer lifeless block.*] A *Quintaine* was a *Post* or *Butt* set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. *I am,* says *Orlando*, *only a* quintaine, *a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between* Rosalind *and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it.* The famous satirist *Regnier*, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, tho' the thought be different.

Et

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Cel.

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle Niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;

Et qui depuis dix ans, jusqu'en ses derniers jours,
A soûtenu le prix en l'escrime d'amours;
Lasse enfin de servir au peuple de QUINTAINE,
Elle, &c.——

Hereafter,

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But, heav'nly *Rosalind!*—— [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Cel. Why, Cousin; why, *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with Reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's Child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could [2] cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better Wrestler than my self.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despight of a Fall;——but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible on such

[2] *cry, hem, and have him.*] A proverbial expression signifying, *having for asking.*

a sudden

a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The Duke, my father, lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

SCENE IX.

Enter Duke, *with Lords.*

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Couſin.
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear Uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I, when your Highneſs took his Dukedom;
So was I, when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;

Treaſon

Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke Ay, *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your ſake;
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
[3] And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſhine more virtuous,
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you, Niece, provide your ſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *&c.*

SCENE X.

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*; where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:

[3] *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and* SEEM *more virtuous,*] This implies her to be ſome how remarkably defective in virtue; which was not the ſpeaker's thought. The poet doubtleſs wrote,

——— *and* SHINE *more virtuous.*

i.e. her virtues would appear more ſplendid, when the luſtre of her couſin's was away.

I charge

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cauſe.
Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be chearful; know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel No? hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love,
4 Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet Girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither ſhall we go?
Cel. To ſeek my Uncle in the foreſt of *Arden*.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids, as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put my ſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.
Ros. Wer't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant Curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh Cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.
Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove*'s own Page;
And therefore, look, you call me *Ganimed*;

4 *Which teacheth* THEE—] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* ME. For if *Roſalind* had learnt to think *Celia* one part of herſelf, ſhe could not *lack* that love which *Celia* complains ſhe does.

But

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, Cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clowniſh Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To Liberty, and not to Baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden *FOREST.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foreſters.*

Duke Sen. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
'Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
'Than That of painted Pomp? are not theſe woods
'More free from peril, than the envious Court?
'*(a)* Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
'The Seaſons' difference; as, the icie phang,
'And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
'Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
'Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
'This is no Flattery: theſe are Counſellors,
'That feelingly perſuade me what I am:
'Sweet are the uſes of Adverſity,
'Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
'Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
'And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
'Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.'

[*(a) Here feel we but.* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *Here feel we not.*]
Ami.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own Confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my self,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

Upon

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace *again.*

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. CAN it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord* My lord, the royniſh Clown at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Heſperia, the Princeſs' Gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wreſtler,
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles*;
And ſhe believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that Gallant hither:
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly;

And

And let not Search and Inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Oliver's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?

Adam. What! my young master? oh, my gentle master,
Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
[1] The boney Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely,
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the son,——
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

[1] *The* BONNY *Priser*——] We should read BONEY *Priser*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gayety or good-humour.

Orla.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe, and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. 'But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
'The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
'Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe
'When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
'And unregarded age in corners thrown;
'Take That; and he that doth the ravens feed,
'Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
'Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
'All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
'Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
'For in my youth I never did apply
'Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
'Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
'The means of weakneſs and debility;
'Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
'Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you;'
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the Having; it is not ſo with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

And

And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low Content.
Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years Many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Foreſt of Arden.

Enter Roſalind *in Boy's cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter!* how weary are my ſpirits?
Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no Croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden.*

Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone:* look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

2 *O* Jupiter! *how* MERRY *are my ſpirits?*] And yet within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. It ſhould be,—*how* WEARY *are my ſpirits?* And the *Clown*'s reply makes this reading certain.

Enter

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As, ſure, I think, did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. 'O, thou did'ſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou haſt not lov'd.———
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd. ———
Or if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
Thou haſt not lov'd.' ———
Phebe! Phebe! Phebe! [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas, poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy wound, have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. "And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly."

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something ſtale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.
Clo. Holla; you, Clown!
Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.
Cor. Who calls?
Clo. Your betters, Sir.
Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.
Roſ. Peace, I ſay; good Even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.
Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coate now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee;
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.
Roſ. What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture
Cor. That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but er while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,

The foil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a desert Part of the Foreſt.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, *Monſieur Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. "I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire "you to ſing;" come, come, another ſtanzo; call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, *Monſieur Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.—Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues ——

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lye i'th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
(a) *Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;*
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of *Egypt.*

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt, severally*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die

(a) *Duc ad me,* Oxford edition. —— Vulg. *Ducdame;*

fo

for food! here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thy self a little. If this uncouth Forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Desert. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. *and Lords.* [*A Table set out.*

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; —— I met a fool i'th forest,
A motley fool; a miserable varlet!

As

3 *A motley fool; a miserable* WORLD!] What! because he met a *motley fool,* was it therefore a *miserable world?* This is sadly blunder-d; we should read,

—— *a miserable* VARLET.

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune;
'And then he drew a dial from his poak,
'And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
'Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:
'Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. "O worthy fool! one that hath been a Courtie
"And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
"They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
"Which is as dry as the remainder biscket
"After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
"With observation, the which he vents
"In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. "I must have liberty
"Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
"To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and aft these words, and here he calls him *a miserable varlet*, notwithstan ing he *railed on lady fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the chan we make so great as appears at first sight.

"An

" And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
" They moſt muſt laugh: and, why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
" The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;
" He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
" Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
" 4 Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
" The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
" Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'ſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf;
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. " Why, who cries out on pride,
" That can therein tax any private party?
" Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
" 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
" What woman in the city do I name,
" When that I ſay, the city-woman bears
" The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
" Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her;
" When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
" Or what is he of baſeſt function,
" That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt;
" Thinking, that I mean him; but therein ſuites
" His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
" There then; how then? what then? let me ſee wherein
" My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,

4 *Seem ſenſeleſs of the bob.*] Both the meaſure and the ſenſe direct us to read,

NOT TO *ſeem ſenſeleſs*, &c.

" Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
" Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
" Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

SCENE VIII.

Enter Orlando, *with Sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.———

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt thou, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: but forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs
[5] Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sate at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,

5 *Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;*]
Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ. Hor.

And

' And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;'
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have ſeen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And ſate at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pity had engender'd :
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love ; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orla. I thank ye ; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and univerſal Theatre
Preſents more woful pageants, than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. ' All the world's a Stage,
' And all the men and women meerly Players ;
' They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
' And one man in his time plays many parts :
' His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
' Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms :
' And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
' And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
' Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover ;
' Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
' Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier ;
' Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
' Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel ;

' Seeking the bubble reputation
' Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
' In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
' With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
' 6 Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
' And ſo he plays his part. 7 The ſixth age ſhifts
' Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
' With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
' His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
' For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
' Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
' And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
' That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
' Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
' Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X.

Enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

6 *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances,*] It is remarkable that *Shakeſpear* uſes *modern* in the double ſenſe that the *Greeks* uſed καινος, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*.

7 —— *The ſixth age ſhifts*
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon.] There is a greater beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *ſtage play*, of ſeven acts, (which was no unuſual diviſion before our author's time.) The ſixth he calls the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the *Italian* comedy, called *Il Pantalóne*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in ſlippers.

SONG

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
[8] *Because thou art not seen,*
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.

8 *Because thou art not* SEEN,] This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferr'd to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Because it is not* SEEN. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, *Shakespear* wrote the line thus,

Because thou art not SHEEN,

i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

Spangled star light SHEEN,

and several other places. *Chaucer* uses it in this sense,

Your blisful sustèr Lucina *the* SHENE.

And *Fairfax*,

The sacred Angel took his Target SHENE,
And by the Christian Champion stood unseen.

The *Oxford* editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from thence to alter the whole line thus,

Thou causest not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, *Lords, and* Oliver.

Duke. NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
'Till thou can'st quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this: I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an Extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Foreſt.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. HANG there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of Night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind!* theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this Foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive She. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. "Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a "good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it "is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very "well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile "life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me "well; but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. "As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; "but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much "againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, "ſhepherd?

Cor. "No more, but that I know, the more one "ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he, that "wants money, means, and content, is without three "good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, "and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; "and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the Sun: "and that [1] he that hath learned no wit by nature nor "art,

1 *be that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of* good *breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.*] Common ſenſe requires us to read, *may*

" art, may complain of groſs breeding, or comes of a " very dull kindred.

Clo. [2] Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in Court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ———

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. [3] Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone:* thoſe, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſie.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands ſweat? and is

may complain of GROSS *breeding.*

The *Oxford* editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading, *—bad breeding.*

2 *Such a one is a natural philoſopher.*] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the Philoſophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt,* &c. And the *Clown*'s reply, in a ſatire on *Phyſicks* or *Natural Philoſophy*, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the Natural Philoſopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cauſe of things as the Ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand inſtances, that our poet was well acquainted with the Phyſics of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to ſee this remedileſs defect of it.

3 *Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never,* &c.] This reaſoning is drawn up in imitation of *Friar John*'s to *Panurge* in *Rablais. Si tu es Coquu, ergo ta femme ſera belle; ergo tu ſeras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des Amis beaucoup; ergo tu ſeras ſauvé.* The laſt inference is pleaſantly drawn from the popiſh doctrine of the interceſſion of Saints. And, I ſuppoſe, our jocular *Engliſh* proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in Friar *John*'s logic.

not

not the greaſe of a mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow; —— a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: —— a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tarr? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man! thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh, indeed! learn of the wiſe and perpend; civet is of a baſer birth than tarr; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God [4] make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. 'Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get 'that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs, glad of other men's good, content with my 'harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes 'graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

4 make inciſion *in thee,*] *To make inciſion* was a proverbial expreſſion then in vogue, to make to underſtand. So in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Humourous Lieutenant*,

——— *O excellent King,*
Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures
Angel-ey'd King, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
And ſo proceeds to inciſion ———

i. e. to make him underſtand what he would be at.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Roſalind, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte.——

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind:
They, that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to Cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect your ſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half-ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo.

Cl. You have said; but whether wisely or no, [5] let the Forester judge.

SCENE V.

Enter Celia, *with a writing*

Ros. Peace, here comes my Sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a Desert be,*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda *write;*
Teaching all, that read, to know,
This Quintessence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's *cheeks, but not her heart,*
Cleopatra's *majesty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *modesty.*
Thus Rosalind *of many parts*
By heav'nly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the Touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

5 *Let the* Forest *judge.*] We should read Forester, *i. e.* the shepherd who was there present.

Ros.

Ros. [6] O most gentle *Juniper!* —— what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhimed since *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

6 *O most gentle* JUPITER!] We should read JUNIPER, as the following words shew, alluding to the proverbial term of a *Juniper lecture*: A sharp or unpleasing one; *Juniper* being a rough prickly plant.

Cel.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping ——

Ros. [7] Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? [8] One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he aſk for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

7 *Good my complexion!*] *This is a mode of expreſſion*, Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *which he cannot reconcile to common ſenſe.* Like enough: and ſo too the *Oxford Editor.* But the meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not bluſh.

8 *One inch of delay more is a South-ſea of diſcovery.*] This is ſtark nonſenſe; we muſt read ——*off* diſcovery, *i. e.* from diſcovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I ſhall think this ſecret "as far from diſcovery as the *South-ſea* is."

Cel.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize. to ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count atoms, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. 9 I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove*'s tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak: Sweet, ſay on.

SCENE VII.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Cel. *and* Roſ. *retire.*

Jaq. "I thank you for your company; but, good "faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

9 *I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.*] We ſhould read, *Under* AN OAK *tree.*

This appears from what follows ——— *like a dropp'd acorn.* For how did he look like a *dropp'd acorn* unleſs he was found under an oak tree. And from *Roſalind*'s reply, *that it might well be called* Jove's *tree:* For the *Oak* was ſacred to *Jove.*

Orla.

Orla. " And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I " thank you too for your society.

Jaq. " God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. " I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. " I pray you, marr no more trees with writing " love-songs in their barks.

Orla. " I pray you, marr no more of my Verses with " reading them ill-favouredly."

Jaq. Rosalind, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth,[1] from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think, it was made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my self, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

[1] *But I answer you right* painted cloth.] This alludes to the fashion, in old painted hangings, of motto's and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures. The poet again hints at these in his poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth *be kept in awe.* Mr. *Theobald.*

Jaq.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good Signior love! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monſieur melancholy! [Cel. *and* Roſ. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould aſk me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the Foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the Foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal?

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man, that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between

tween term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but, indeed, an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the Foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he, that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;—— but I pardon you for that, for ſimply

your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue; ——then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shooe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your-self, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is meerly a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as mad men do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this

way

way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and wooe me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind:* come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good Wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding; [2] it strikes a man more dead than a great

2 *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room*;] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the *French* proverbial phrase *of the quarter of hour of Rablais:* who said, there was only one quarter of hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our *Oxford Editor* would correct this into, *It strikes a man more dead than a great* recking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite con-

great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would th Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt i deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the mo feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what the ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the Gods had mad me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou ar honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſom hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; ſo honeſty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a ſawce t ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray th Gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a fou ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, wh hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt an to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage, As horns are odious, they

confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollitry interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*. Had not *Shakeſpear* reaſon now in this caſe to apply his ſimile, to his own caſe, againſt his critical editor? Who, 'tis plain, taking the phraſe to *ſtrike dead* in a literal ſenſe, concluded, from his knowledge in philoſophy, that it could not be ſo effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking*.

are

are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even ſo—— poor men alone? — no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal: is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver:* Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your Chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *what ye call:* how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company! I am very glad to ſee you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pidgeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we

must live in bawdry: farewel, good Sir *Oliver*; not [3] *O sweet* Oliver, *O brave* Oliver, *leave me not behind thee*, but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. NEver talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry his kisses are *Judas*'s own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, [4] as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of *(a)* cast lips of *Diana*; [5] a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros.

3 *O sweet* Oliver, *&c.*] Some words of an old ballad.

4 *as the touch of holy* bread.] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*: This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd.

5 a nun of *Winter's sisterhood*] This is finely expressed. But Mr. *Theobald* says, *the words give him no ideas.* And 'tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood.* And, after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, *Shakespear* meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the *sisterhood* of the spring were the votaries of *Venus*; those of summer, the votaries of *Ceres*; those of autumn, of *Pomona*; so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the vota-

[*(a)* *cast.* 1st Folio—Vulg. *chast.*]

ries

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him [6] as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the Forest on the Duke your Father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando?*

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, [7] quite travers, athwart the heart of his lover;

ries of *Diana*: Called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account, it is, that, when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*.

But riches endless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood is its *coldness*. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

To be a barren sister *all your life,*
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless *moon.*

6 *as concave as a* cover'd *goblet,*] Why a *cover'd?* Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. *Shakespear* never throws out his expressions at random.

7 *quite travers, athwart,* &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny Tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his Lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of Courage or Address. This happen'd when the horse flew on one side, in the carrier: And hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase *of spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the Lance against his Adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable:

lover: as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. SWEET *Phebe*, do not ſcorn me; do not, *Phebe*;
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,

Hence it is, that *Sidney*, in his *Arcadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of *Clinias* and *Dametas* ſays, *The wind took ſuch hold of his Staff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt, *&c.*——And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame Author ſpeaking of an unſkilful Tilter,

Methought ſome Staves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs.
For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.
One ſaid he brake acroſs, *full well it ſo might be*, &c.

This is the alluſion. So that *Orlando*, a young Gallant, affecting the faſhion (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The Lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the Tilter's Carrier: And as the one breaks Staves, the other breaks Oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with Addreſs: And 'tis for the want of this, that *Orlando* is blamed.

Whoſe

Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: [8] will you sterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by, bloody drops.

Enter Rosalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murther in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers! ——
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy Palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek [9] the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,

8 ——*will you sterner be,*
Than He that dies *and lives by bloody drops?*
This is spoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed, by bloody Drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody Drops? The poet must certainly have wrote——*that* deals *and lives*, &c. i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: But the *Oxford Editor* makes it plainer. He reads,
Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops.

9 *The power of fancy,*] i.e. the arms of Love: As poets talk of the darts of *Cupid* in the Eyes of their Mistresse.

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,

[1] That you insult, exult, and rail, at once
Over the wretched? what though you *(a)* have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
[2] Of nature's sale-work: odds, my little life!
I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
[3] That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;

1 *That you insult, exult, and* ALL, *at once*] If the Speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and exulting; then, instead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus,

That you insult, exult, and RAIL, *at once.*

For these three things *Phebe* was guilty of. But the *Oxford Editor* improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*.

2 *Of nature's* sale-work:] *i. e.* those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of Mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate, than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*.

3 *That can* ENTAME *my spirits to your worship.*] I should rather think that *Shakespear* wrote ENTRAINE, draw, allure.

[*(a) have beauty.* Anonymus.—Vulg. *have no beauty.*]

For

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
4 Foul is most foul, being found to be a scoffer:
So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falser than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go, Sister? shepherd, ply her hard:
Come, sister; shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Ros. Cel. *and* Corin.

Phe. (a) Deed shepherd, now I find thy Saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe!*

Phe. Hah: what say'st thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your Sorrow and my griefs
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

4 *Foul is most foul, being* FOUL *to be a scoffer:*] The only sense of this is, *An ill-favoured person is most ill-favoured, when, if he be ill-favoured, he is a scoffer.* Which is a deal too absurd to come from *Shakespear*; who, without question, wrote,

Foul is most foul, being FOUND *to be a Scoffer:*

i. e. where an ill-favour'd person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive.

[(a) *Dead shepherd,* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *Dead shepherd.*]

Phe. Why, that were Covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth, that ſpoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* was once maſter of.

Phe. " Think not, I love him, tho' I aſk for him;
" 'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well.
" But what care I for words? yet words do well,
" When he that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear:
" It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
" But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
" He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
" Is his Complexion; and faſter than his tongue
" Did make Offence, his eye did heal it up:
" He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
" His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
" There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
" A little riper, and more luſty red
" Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
" Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
" There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
" In parcels as I did, would have gone near
" To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
" I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
" I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
" For what had he to do to chide at me?
" He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black:

" And,

" And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me:
" I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again;
" But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I PRY'thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roſ. "Farewel, monſieur traveller; look, you liſp, "and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of "your own Country; be out of love with your na- "tivity, and almoſt chide God for making you that "countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think, you "have ſwam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, "where have you been all this while? You a lover? "an you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in "my ſight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. "Break an hour's promiſe in love! he that "will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and "break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute "in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that "*Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll war- "rant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight: I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. "Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he "carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure, I "think, than you make a woman; beſides, he brings "his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. "Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain "to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes "armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his "wife.

Orla.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind?*

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent: what would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind?*

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind?*

Orla. I take some joy to say, you are; because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellespont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and [1] the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was, ———

1 *The foolish* chroniclers] Perhaps *Coroners*. Anonymus.

Hero

Hero of *Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando:* what do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, —— Will you, *Orlando* ——

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind?*

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possest her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Ros. 'Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes

'changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous 'of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pidgeon over his hen; 'more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-'fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a 'monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the 'fountain; and I will do that, when you are diſpos'd 'to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, [2] and that 'when you are inclin'd to weep.'

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this; the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, Wit, whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her [3] fault her huſband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child her ſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o'th' clock is your hour!

2 *and that when you are inclin'd to* SLEEP.] We ſhould read, *to* WEEP.

3 *her fault her husband's* occaſion,] *i. e.* ſhew what ſhe did was occaſioned by her husband's ill conduct.

Orla.

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind*.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, [4] I will think you the moſt atheiſtical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* Orla.

SCENE III.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. O rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in it, it runs out.

Roſ. 'No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that 'was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born 'of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every 'one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, 'how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*; I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

4. *I will think you the moſt* PATHETICAL *break-promiſe,*] There is neither ſenſe nor humour in this expreſſion. We ſhould certainly read,——ATHEISTICAL *break promiſe*. His anſwer confirms it, that he would keep his promiſe *with no leſs religion, than*— —

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, *Lords and Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Roman* Conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear;
Then sing him home: ——— take Thou no Scorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn: } The rest shall
It was a creast, ere thou was born. } bear this Bur-
Thy father's father wore it, } then.
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock? I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros.

Ros. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: 'odds my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter;
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention;
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebe*'s me; mark, how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me, a beaſt!
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,

Alack;

Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her; (for I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,) and ſay this to her; *that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her.* If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Sil.

SCENE VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlews of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: *the boy is fair,*

Of

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house, I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present it self.
'Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
'And high top bald with dry antiquity;
'A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
'Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
'A green and gilded snake had wreath'd it self,
'Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
'The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
'Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it self,
'And with indented glides did slip away
'Into a bush; under which bush's shade
'A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
'Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
'When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
'The royal disposition of that beast
'To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:'
This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might do so;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Ros.

Ros. But, to *Orlando*; did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which [5] hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was it you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?——
Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Roſalind*.——
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind*.
Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, Sweet, *Ganimed*?
[Ros. *faints.*
Oli. Many will ſwoon, when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—couſin *Ganimed!*
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. Would, I were at home!

[5] hurtling. *skirmiſhing.* Mr. *Pope.* *Cel.*

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho! ——

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind.*

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey.*

Aud. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver, Audrey*; a most vile *Mar-text!* but *Audrey,* there is a youth here in the Forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown; by my

my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a Saying; *the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* [1] The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir.

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the

1 *The heathen philosopher, when he desired to eat a grape,* &c.] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as *Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius,* &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*.

society,

ſociety, which in the booriſh, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or Clown thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; [2] I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*; trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your Good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Roſalind.*

2 *I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction*; &c.] All this ſeems to be an alluſion to Sir *Thomas Overbury*'s affair.

Roſ.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the ſight of two rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical brag of *I came, ſaw* and *overcame:* for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why, then to morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind?*

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was

three

three years old, converſt with a magician, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; [3] which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay, I am a magician: therefore, put you on your beſt array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

SCENE III.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not, if I have it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. 'Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. 'It is to be made all of ſighs and tears,
'And ſo am I for *Phebe*.'

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. 'It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
'And ſo am I for *Phebe*.'

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. 'It is to be all made of fantaſie,

3 *which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay, I am a magician:*] Hence it appears this was written in *James*'s time, when there was a ſevere inquiſition after witches and magicians.

'All

' All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
' All adoration, duty and obſervance,
' All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
' All purity, all trial, all obſervance;
' And ſo am I for *Phebe*.'

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Roſ.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon; I will help you, if I can; I would love you, if I could: to morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to morrow; [*To* Phebe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if, what pleaſes you, contents you; and you ſhall be married to morrow. [*To* Sil.] As you love *Roſalind*, meet; as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey:* to morrow will we be married.

Aud. "I do deſire it with all my heart; and, I hope, "it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of "the world." Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time; the pretty ſpring time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country-folks would lye,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very (*a*) untimeable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to

[(*a*) *untimeable.* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *untuneable.*]

hear

hear such a foolish Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. DOST thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
4 As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius *and* Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your self to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.

4 *As those that fear* THEY HOPE, *and know* THEY *fear.*] This strange nonsense should be read thus,

As those that fear THEIR HAP, *and know* THEIR *fear.*

i. e. As those who fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded.

Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

SCENE VI.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark. [5] Here come a pair of unclean beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: He hath been a Courtier, he swears.

Clo. 'If any man doubt that, let him put me to my 'purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a 'lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth 'with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I 'have had four quarrels, and like to have fought 'one.'

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? — good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

5 *Here come a pair of* VERY STRANGE *beasts*, &c.] What! *strange beasts?* and yet such as have a name in all languages? *Noah*'s Ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beasts entered by *sevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that *Shakespear* wrote, *here come a pair of* UNCLEAN *beasts*, which is highly humourous.

Clo.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, [6] I desire of you the like: I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, [7] according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an " ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour " of mine, Sir, to take That that no man else will." Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. " Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear your " body more seeming, *Audrey*) [8] as thus, Sir; I did dis- " like the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; he sent me " word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in " the mind it was. This is call'd the *Retort courteous.* " If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he " would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This " is call'd the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, " he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply* " *churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would an- " swer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof va-* " *liant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I

6 —*I desire* you of *the like*:] We should read, *I desire* of you *the like.* On the Duke's saying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I desire you will give me cause that I may like you too.

7 *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks*:] The construction is, *to swear as marriage binds.* Which I think is not *English.* I suspect *Shakespear* wrote it thus, *to swear and to forswear, according as marriage* BIDS, *and blood* BIDS *break.*

8 *as thus, Sir*; *I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard*;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by *Fletcher* in his *Queen of Corinth.*

——*His be familiarly*
Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified?——
——*or drawn your sword,*
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In circle *or* oblique *or* semicircle
Or direct parallel; *you must challenge him.*

" lye. This is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelſome*; and " ſo, the *Lye circumſtantial*, and the *Lye direct*."

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. " I durſt go no further than the *Lye circum-* " *ſtantial*; nor he durſt not give me the *Lye direct*, and " ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted."

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lye?

Clo. " 9 O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; " as you have books for good manners. I will name " you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; " the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply " churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, " the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lye with

9 *O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book*;] The Poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal dueling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs; nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his *Clown* ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one *Vincentio Saviolo*, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in Quarto printed by *Wolf*, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he intitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honors, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth enſue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the* RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF WORDS, *which here is ſet down.* The contents of the ſeveral chapters are as follow. I. *What the reaſon is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diverſity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain*, or direct. IV. *Of conditional lies*, or the lye circumſtantial. V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of fooliſh lies.* VIII. *A concluſion touching the wreſtling or returning back of the lye*, or the countercheck quarrelſome. In the chapter of *conditional lies* ſpeaking of the particle IF, he ſays—*Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally thus*—IF *thou haſt ſaid ſo or ſo, then thou lieſt. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention, whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe.* By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throats, while there is an IF between. Which is the reaſon of *Shakeſpear*'s making the *Clown* ſay, *I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an* IF; *as*, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* IF *is the only peace maker; much virtue in* IF. *Caranza* was another of theſe authentick Authors upon the *Duello*. *Fletcher* in his laſt Act of *Love's Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour.

" circumſtance;

" circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lye direct. All theſe " you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may " avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when ſeven " Juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the " parties were met themſelves, one of them thought " but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; " and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your " If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If."

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither:
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*
To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my Daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſaline.*

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no Cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning:
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we meet, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,

After

After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:
Play, musick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit; [*To* Orla.
You to your land, and love, and great allies; [*To* Oli.
You to a long and well deserved bed; [*To* Silv.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage [*To the Clo.*
Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites;
As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. [1] I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them) to like as much as pleases them: that between you and the women, the Play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

1 *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases* YOU: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——*that between you and the women,* &c.] This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases* THEM: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——TO LIKE AS MUCH AS PLEASES THEM, *that between you and the women,* &c. Without the alteration of *You* into *Them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless Player, as a vicious redundancy.

THE

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Characters *in the* Induction.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Baptiſta, *Father to* Catharina *and* Bianca; *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers; with Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess *and* Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, [1] *paucus pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa.*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: [2] Go by, *Jeronimo*—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

1 *paucus pallabris*;] Meaning *pocas palabras*, Spanish, *few words.* Mr. *Theobald.*

2 *Go by S.* Jeronimy, *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] All the editions have coin'd a Saint here, for *Sly* to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. There is a fustian old play, call'd, *Hieronymo*; Or, The *Spanish* Tragedy: which, I find, was the common Butt of raillery to all the poets of *Shakespear*'s time: and a passage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that play, is here humourously alluded to. *Hieronymo*, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the King for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

Hiero. *Justice, oh! justice to* Hieronymo.

Lor. *Back*;——*Seest thou not, the King is busie?*

Hiero. *Oh, is he so?*

King. *Who is He, that interrupts our Business?*

Hier. *Not I:*——Hieronymo, *beware*; go by, go by.

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hostess*, cries to her in effect, *Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me,* GO BY. Mr. *Theobald.*

Host.

Host. I know my remedy; [3] I must go fetch the Third-borough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
(a) Leech *Merriman*, the poor cur is imbost;
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meerest loss,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale,
This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thy image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

[3] *I must go fetch the Headborough.*] Vulg. *A poor witticism* (as Mr. *Theobald* rightly calls it) restored by him.

[*(a) Leech Merriman.* Oxford Editor——Vulg. *Brach Merriman.*]

And

And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him, when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his Lady mourns at his disease;
Perswade him, that he hath been lunatick.
And when he says he is,——say, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his Office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out* Sly. *Sound Trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means, [*Exit Serv.*
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2 Play. So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play,)
You break into ſome merry Paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourſelves;
Were he the veriеſt antick in the world.

2 Play. [*to the other.*] Go get a diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and [4] a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord.

4 *a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting the *myſteries* of the old and new Teſtament was in vogue; at the repreſentation of the *myſtery* of the Paſſion, *Judas* and the Devil made a part,

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one:
Let them want nothing that the house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And see him drest in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie;
And say; what is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a Napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this dispatch'd, with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;

part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: As here, the buffoonry was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the *mysteries*, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the Devil: And used for this purpose even after the *mysteries* ceased, and the *moralities* came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part.—The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces.

And

And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen;
Which otherwiſe would go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

SCENE IV.

Charges to a Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.

Enter Sly *with Attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. FOR God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtopher Sly*, call not me Honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of beef: ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes; or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!———

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s Son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? aſk *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay, I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: here's—

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say, thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And once again, a pot o'th' ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your hands?

Oh, how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd!
Oh! that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hoſteſs of the Houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no houſe; nor no ſuch maid;

Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up;
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. *Amen.*——

Sly. By th' Maſs, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The ſervant gives him drink.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Lady, *with Attendants.*

I thank thee; ——thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where's my wife?

Lady. Here, noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me huſband? My men ſhould call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:
——Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.
Sim, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet;
For your Phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy;
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a Commodity? a *Chriſtmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

THE

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in PADUA.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Luc. TRanio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good-will, and thy good company:
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
(a) To Virtue and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Me pardonato*, gentle maſter mine,

[*(a)* *To virtue.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *virtue.*]

I am

I am in all affected as your self:
Glad, that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or, so devote to *Aristotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk;
Musick and Poesie use to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest Daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder;
If either of you both love *Catharina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather.——She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unless you were of gentler, milder, mould.

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.

Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Huſh, maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.* *aſide.*

Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca*, get you in;
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Peat! it is beſt put finger in the eye, an ſhe knew why.

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.—— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry;
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men

I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And so farewel: *Catharina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I not? what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her That wherein she delights, I will wish him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio:* but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we may yet again have access to our fair Mistress, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil. ——

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples: but, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista*'s eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.

freſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole! he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would throughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* Gre. *and* Hor.

SCENE IV.

Manent Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found [1] th' effect of *Love in idleneſs:*
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
(That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
[2] If Love hath toyl'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet Beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.

1 — *th' effect of* Love in idleneſs:] *i. e.* the effect, or virtue of the Flower ſo called. See *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

2 *If Love hath* TOUCH'D *you, nought remains but ſo,*] The next line from *Terence*, ſhews that we ſhould read,

If Love hath TOYL'D *you,* ——

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus eſt, babet*, of the ſame Author.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.——
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest Sister is so curst and shrewd,
That 'till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Master, your Love must live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; —— content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead;
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should;
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio*, at once
Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.

When

When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your Father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be so; because *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a slave t' atchieve that Maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stol'n your cloaths, or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am descry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.——

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptista*'s youngest Daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy self execute, to make one among these wooers; if

thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Hortensio's *House in* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VERONA, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is the house;
Here, sirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any man, has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir, That I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help; my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il Core ben trovato*, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra Casa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio* Petruchio.

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly,

foundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being, perhaps, for aught I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain! ——Good *Hortenſio*,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words plain? ſirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, ſweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home;
[3] Where ſmall experience grows but in a mew.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my Father is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt my ſelf into this maze,
Happ'ly to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel,
And yet, I'll promiſe thee, ſhe ſhall be rich,

[3] *Where ſmall experience grows but in a* FEW.] This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

Where ſmall experience grows but in a MEW,

i. e. a confinement at home. And the meaning is that no improvement is to be expected of thoſe who never look out of doors. *Fairfax* ſays of *Clarinda*,

Her lofty hand would of itſelf refuſe
To touch the dainty needle or nice thread,
She hated chambers, cloſets, ſecret MEWS,
And in broad fields preſerv'd her maidenhead.

And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
[4] Be she as foul as was *Florentius*' love,
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates*' *Xantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
[5] Affection sieg'd in coin. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua.*

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an [6] aglet-baby, or an old Trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in jest.
I can, *Petruchio,* help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curst;
And shrewd, and forward, so beyond all measure,

4 *Be she as foul as was* Florentius' *love,*] This I suppose relates to a circumstance in some *Italian* novel, and should be read, *Florentio*'s.

5 *Affection's* EDGE *in* ME.] This man is a strange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection,* he thinks so little of the matter, that give him but a rich mistress, and he will take her though incrusted all over with the worst bad qualities of age, ugliness and ill-manners. Yet, after this, he talks of *Affection's edge* being so strong in him that nothing can abate it. Some of the old copies indeed, instead of *me* read *time:* this will direct us to the true reading, which I am persuaded is this,

Affection SIEG'd IN COIN,

i. e. placed, seated, fixed. This makes him speak to the purpose, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expression too is proper, as the metaphor is intire—*to remove affection sieg'd in coin.*

6 aglet, *the tag of a point.* Mr. *Pope.*

That,

That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her Father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed Father well.
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an' ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s houſe my Treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt Daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Catharine the curſt?
A title for a maid of all titles the worſt!

Hor. Now ſhall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes

To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter,
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct *Bianca*;
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her;
And, unſuſpected, court her by her ſelf.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. 7 Here's no knavery! ſee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.——

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound, All books of love; ſee That, at any hand; And ſee you read no other lectures to her: You underſtand me—— Over and beſide Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality, I'll mend it with a largeſs. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf, To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my Patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured; As firmly, as your ſelf were ſtill in place; Yea, and, perhaps, with more ſucceſsful words Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an aſs it is!——

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*. Trow you, whither I am going? to *Baptiſta Minola*; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a ſchool-maſter for the fair *Bianca*; and by good fortune I have lighted well

7 *Here's no knavery!*] See this phraſe explain'd in the firſt part of *Henry* IV.

on

on this young man; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, ——— and that my deed ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me; and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curſt *Catharine*;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well; ——
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling Scold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend? what Countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to ſee.

Gre. Oh, Sir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't, o' God's name:
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you wooe this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
'Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
'Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
'Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
'Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
'Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
'And heav'n's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
'Have I not in a pitched battel heard
'Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?

'And

'And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
'[8] That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
'As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?'
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.——

Gre. *Hortensio*, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the house of Signior *Baptista Minola?*

Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio.*

Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know:

8 *That gives not half so great a blow to* HEAR,] This awkward phrase could never come from *Shakespear.* He wrote, without question,

——*so great a blow to* TH' EAR.

That

That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly, my masters; if you be Gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his Daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s Daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista*'s Daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:
The youngest Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest Sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,

9 Please

9 Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our Miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St.* Ann, *do I: a good matter, ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. 'Would, 'twere done!* ———

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *HOUSE in* Padua.

Enter Catharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. GOOD Siſter, wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain; but for theſe other *(a)* Gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf;
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or, what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee, thou diſſemble not.

9 *Pleaſe ye, we may* contrive *this afternoon,*] Mr. *Theobald* aſks *what they were to contrive?* and then ſays, *a fooliſh corruption poſſeſſes the place,* and ſo alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty conſtantly is, when wrong, by the *Oxford Editor.* But the common reading is right, and the Critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project*, but to *ſpend* and *wear out.* As in this paſſage of *Spenſer*,

Three ages ſuch as mortal men CONTRIVE.

Fairy Queen, Book xi. Chap. 9.

[*(a) Gawds.* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *goods.*]

Bian.

Bian. Believe me, Sister, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Cath. Minion, thou lieſt; is't not *Hortenſio?*
Bian. If you affect him, Siſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.
Cath. If That be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Cath. Her ſilence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.
Cath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure; ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio; Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man*; Petruchio *with* Hortenſio, *like a muſician*; Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God save you, Gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting* Hor.
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio*'s son,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. [1] *Baccalare!*——— you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

1 Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] We must read *Baccalare*; by which the *Italians* mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully, upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur.

Gre.

Gre. [2] I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing.——Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*, [*Presenting* Luc.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio:* welcome, good *Cambio.* But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To* Tranio.] may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that wooe,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio.*

Bap. A mighty man of *Pisa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and You the Set of books,

[*To* Hortensio *and* Lucentio.

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!——

2 *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus, *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, &c. addressing himself to *Baptista.*

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.
[*Exit Serv. with* Hortensio *and* Lucentio.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so, I pray you all, to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wooe.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds:
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE III.

Enter Hortensio *with his Head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

How,

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?
Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe: I'll ſume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my Pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While ſhe did call me raſcal, fidler,
And twangling *Jack*, with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited,
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?
Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,
[*Ex.* Bap. *with* Grem. Horten. *and* Tranio.
And wooe her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frowns; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew;
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility;
And ſay, ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.
Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my super-dainty *Kate*;
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every Town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs:
My self am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.
Cath. Mov'd? in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cath. A join'd-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——
Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should *bee*; —— should *buz*. ——
Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?
Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

Pet.

Pet. Who knows not, where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail. ———

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.

Cath. So may you loſe your arms.
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman;
And if no Gentleman, why then, no arms.

Pet. A herald, *Kate?* oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your creſt, a coxcomb?

Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.

Cath. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not ſo ſower.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then, ſhew it me.

Cath. Had I a glaſs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one. ———

Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*? in ſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.

Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:

But

But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt; and *Dian* ſportful!——

Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

SCENE V.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, ſignior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath.

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the World,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.
And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh, the kindest *Kate!*
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to see,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my *Catharine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give your hands;
God send you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and Gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,

We

We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, *and* Catharine *ſeverally*.

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou can'ſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.——
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtuft my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six-

Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to morrow, this is hers;
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio?*

[3] *Gre.* Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*
That now is lying in *Marſeilles*'s road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argoſie?*

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two galliaſſes
And twelve tight gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'ſt next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.

3 Gre. *Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!*
My land amounts not *to ſo much in all:*
That ſhe ſhall have, and——]

Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. *Gremio* is ſtartled at the high ſettlement *Tranio* propoſes; ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, *&c.* This is playing at croſs-purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſalves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vying in their offers to carry *Bianca:* The latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats *per annum.* My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival.

Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus reſolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio:*
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
[4] Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd, ſuppos'd *Vincentio;*
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here* ——— *where's the tapſter? here,* Sim, *eat ſome of theſe things.*

4 *Yet I have fac'd it with a* card of ten:] That is, with the higheſt card, in the old ſimple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion. So *Skelton,*

Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And ſo outface him with a card of ten.

And *Ben Johnſon* in his *Sad Shepherd,*

——— a Hart of ten
I trow he be, ———

i. e. an extraordinary good one.

Sim.

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*
Sly. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Baptista's *House.*

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?
Hor. Wrangling Pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for That which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please my self;
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[Hortensio *retires.*
Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee, if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
[1] *Pedaſcale*, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.

Luc. Miſtruſt it not, ——for, ſure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt;
But let it reſt. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,

1 *Pedaſcale*, ——] he would have ſaid *Didaſcale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcale* in imitation of it, from *Pedant*.

Than

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio.*

Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
E la mi, show pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut?* tut, I like it not;
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,
To cast thy wandring eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee, who list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom, when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame, but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll wooe a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
What ever fortune stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'!
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master; old news, and such news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. 'Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and 'an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a 'pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buck-'led, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the 'town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with 'two broken points; his horse hip'd with an old mothy 'saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides possest with 'the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled 'with the lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of 'windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, 'past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, 'begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-'shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check't 'bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being re-'strain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often 'burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times 'piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath 'two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and 'here and there piec'd with packthread.'

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. 'Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capari-'son'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, 'and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a 'red and blue list, [2] an old hat, and *the humour of forty* '*fancies* prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very

2 *An old hat, and* the humour of forty fancies *prickt up in't for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making *Petruchio* prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old Ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In *Shakespear*'s time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with exquisite humour. In *Much ado about nothing*, he makes *Benedict* say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, pick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen.* As the bluntness of it would make the execution extremely painful. And again in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pandarus* in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it.*

' monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian footboy, or
' a gentleman's lackey.'

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this
fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came not?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd, as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt, were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now, ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.

Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Tho'

Tho' in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is *Kate?* I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time, we were at church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my Bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss? [*Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow school-master
Doth watch *Bianca*'s steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,
I'll keep my own, despight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this buſineſs;
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake, *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegoom coming home?
Gre. A Bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Shou'd aſk, if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
" He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
" H'ad been aboard carowſing to his Mates
" After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſcadel,
" And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
" Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
" Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
" His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
" The Bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
" With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
" All the church echo'd;" and I ſeeing this,

Came

Came thence for very ſhame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before. ——Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels.
[*Muſick plays.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to night?

Pet. I muſt away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content ——

Cath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content, you ſhall intreat me, ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, ſtay;

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: [3] the oats have eaten the horſes.

Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to day;

3 *the oats have eaten the horſes.*] That is the diſtemper ſo called.

No,

No, nor to morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua: Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That, being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want
For to ſupply the places at the table; You

You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſupply the Bridegroom's place;
And let *Bianca* take her Siſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio:* Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad maſters, and all foul ways! was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm my ſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew, as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt; but thou know'ſt, [1] winter tames man, woman and beaſt; for

1 Gru. —*winter tames man, woman and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and* MY *ſelf, fellow* Curtis.
Curt. *Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.*] Why, had *Grumio* called him one? to give his reſentment any colour. We muſt

for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thy self, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. [2] Away, you three inch'd fool; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? [3] why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, [4] Jack *boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.*

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? [5] be the

must read as, without question, *Shakespear* wrote,

——— *and* THY *self, fellow* Curtis.

Why *Grumio* said that winter had tamed *Curtis* was for his slowness in shewing *Grumio* to a good fire. Besides, all the joke consists in the sense of this alteration.

2 *Away, you three-inch'd fool*;] i. e. with a scull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

3 *Why* thy *horn is a foot, and so long am I at least.*] *Tho' all the copies agree in this reading*, Mr. *Theobald* says, *yet he cannot find what horn* Curtis *had*; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made *Curtis* a cuckold.

4 Jack *boy*, &c.] fragment of some old ballad.

5 *Be the* Jacks *fair within, the* Jills *fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid-servants dress'd? But the *Oxford Editor* alters it thus,

Are the Jacks *fair without, the* Jill's *fair within*,

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

Jacks

Jacks fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. "Tell thou the tale——But hadſt thou not "croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe "fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have "heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, "how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he "beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded "through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, "how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I "cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was "burſt; how I loſt my crupper; with many things of "worthy memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and "thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave."

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſie with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-

horſe-tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, *Grumio.*

Phil. How now, *Grumio?*

Joſ. What, *Grumio!*

Nich. Fellow *Grumio!*

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. "Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; "fellow, you; and thus much for greeting." Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not ——— cock's paſſion, ſilence! ——— I hear my maſter.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led? [*Singing.*
Where are those ——— sit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, *Kate:* some water, here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel *Troilus?* sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 *Ser.* Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the Stage.*
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that Both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:
Be patient, for to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exe.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter*, didst ever see the like?

Pet. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,
And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,

To

To make her come, and know her keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; ——
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before Baptista's *House.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand by.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.

Luc. I read That I profess, the art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire backward.*

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca* lov'd none in the world so well as *Lucentio.*

Tra.

Tra. Despightful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But One that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of such a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! —— Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to wooe her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the World, but he, had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewel, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
As longeth to a lover's blessed case:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

[Lucentio *and* Bianca *come forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, *Tranio.*
Tra. 'Faith, he's gone into the Taming school.
Bian. The Taming school? what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE V.

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient *(a)* Engle, going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*
Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio,*
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola,*
As if he were the right *Vincentio:*
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.
Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome;*

5 ——————*Surely* like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man.

[*(a) Engle.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *Angel.*]

And

And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray!
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?
Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon You as you should.
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay,
'Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:

This

This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe Circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with Me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pr'ythee, go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.
Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?
Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; ——I fear, it's cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?
Cath. A diſh, that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.
Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.
Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio, *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate?* what, ſweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat my ſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here, take away the diſh.
Cath. I pray you, let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.
Cath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me; —
[*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and ſardingals, and things:
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, haſt thou din'd? the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte.

Cath. [6] Why, Sir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, heav'n, what maſking ſtuff is here?

6 *Why, Sir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak,* &c.] *Shakeſpear* has here copied nature with great ſkill. *Petruchio*, by frightening, ſtarving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion. And the audience expects to hear no more of the *Shrew:* When on her being croſſed, in the article of faſhion and finery, the moſt inveterate folly of the ſex, ſhe flies out again, though for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays, your Worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O moſt monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did

did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. "Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow "me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with "a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown."

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I commanded, the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my miſtreſs's gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;

Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe!
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. *Hortenſio*, ſay, thou wilt ſee the taylor paid. [*Aſide.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Taylor.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array,
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so: this Gallant will command the Sun.

[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Hor.

[The Presenters, above, speak here.]

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *sleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see, you wake him not in any case.

Serv. *It shall be done, my Lord; come help to bear him hence.* [*They bear off* Sly.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Before Baptista's *House.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. SIR, this is the houſe; pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe! and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; ſirrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you:
Imagine, 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*

Bion. I told him, that your father was in *Venice*;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th' art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your countenance, Sir.

SCENE X.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon: Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,

I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay:
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know beſt,
Be we affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my Father lye; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may, with all my heart!
[*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome!

Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; But has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke*'s Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except, they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*; to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay, but bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo, adieu, Sir; my Maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke*'s, to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your Appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. COME on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon!
Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Cath. I know it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's my ſelf,
It ſhall be Moon, or Star, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say, as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon.
Cath. I know, it is the Moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed Sun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Catharine*.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away? [*To* Vincentio.
Tell

Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cath. Pardon, old Father, my miſtaken eyes;
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandſire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Siſter of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, Father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof:
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Vin.

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one ſide.*

Bion. SOFTLY and ſwiftly, Sir, for the Prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o'your back, and then come back to my Maſter as ſoon as I can. [*Exit.*

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre.

Gre. They're buſie within, you were beſt knock louder. [Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was beloved in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his Mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

SCENE II.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the Church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! but who is here! mine old Maſter *Vincentio?* now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father *Vincentio?*

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murther me.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptista.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversie. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptista *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a [1] copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the University.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio:* and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murthered his master; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

1 ——*copped*, or *pointed.* *Mr. Pope.*

Gre.

Gre. Stay, Officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio:* I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be conycatch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant.

SCENE III.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet Son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, myſelf enforc'd him to;

Then

Then pardon him, ſweet Father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharina, *advancing.*

Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Lucentio's *Apartments.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio, *and Widow.* Tranio's *ſervants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. AT laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Siſter *Catharine*,

and

And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe:
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe:
I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended; kiſs him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round———
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Huſband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſures my Huſband's ſorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, Widow.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortenſio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun:
Have at you for a better jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush:
And then pursue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* Bianca, Catharine, *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife, and he
Whose Wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.
Hor. Content;—— what wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.

Go,

Go, *Biondello*, bid your miſtreſs come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my ſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir my Miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and cannot come.

Pet. How? ſhe's buſie and cannot come, is that an anſwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her! nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Miſtreſs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Grumio.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE V.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*

Cath What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your Siſter, and *Hortenſio's* Wife?

Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away,

Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.

[*Exit* Catharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder, what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy:
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca *and Widow.*

See, where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.

Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too!
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.

Bian The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Huſbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling

Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall; and firſt begin with her.

Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
" It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;

" Con-

" Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
" And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
" A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
" Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
" And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
" Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
" Thy Huſband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
" Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
" And for thy maintenance: commits his body
" To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
" To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
" While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
" And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
" But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
" Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
" Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
" Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
" And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
" And not obedient to his honeſt will;
" What is ſhe but a foul contending Rebel,
" And graceleſs Traitor to her loving Lord?
" I am aſham'd, that Women are ſo ſimple
" To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
" Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
" When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
" Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak and ſmooth,
" Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
" But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
" Should well agree with our external parts?"
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But, now I ſee, our launces are but ſtraws,
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your Huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me, *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;

We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Catharina.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two ſervants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

Sly *awaking.*] Sim, *give's ſome more wine—what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?*

Tap. *A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

Sly. *Who's this?* Tapſter! *oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heardſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your Wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to* tame a Shrew. *I dreamt upon it all this Night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*

The End of the Second Volume.